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Daily Mirror

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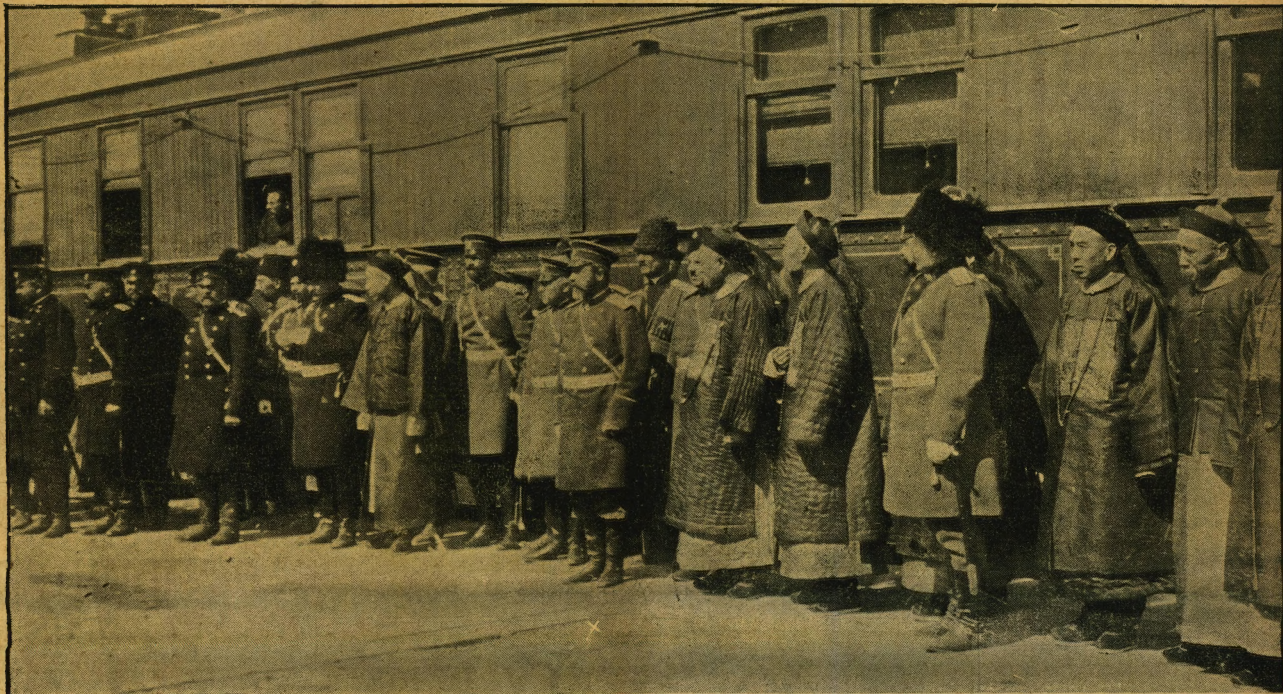
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MONDAY, JUNE 20, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF GENERAL KUROPATKIN IN THE FIELD.



General Kuropatkin (X), with his staff, and the Chinese Viceroy in Manchuria and Chinese General in Command, photographed at Mukden Station. The photograph is taken in front of the special train in which General Kuropatkin is living, and from which he directs the movements of the Russian forces.—(Photograph by the Charles Urban Trading Co.)

ASCOT SUNDAY ON THE RIVER.



Yesterday was Ascot Sunday, the most fashionable day of the year on the river, and numberless boat-loads of smartly-dressed people were out. This photograph, taken at Boulter's Lock, shows what the crowd was like.—(Photograph by Calcott.)

THERY'S "WINNING" SMILE.



A snapshot of Thery, the winner of the Gordon-Bennett race, taken directly he escaped from the enthusiastic Frenchmen. Standing with him is Salleron.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

THREE JAPANESE VESSELS SUNK.

Russian Squadron Has Now Destroyed Five of the Enemy's Ships.

SKRYDLOFF'S MISSION.

Entire Japanese Infantry Regiment Reported Drowned.

In addition to the two Japanese transports sunk by the Russian Vladivostok squadron last week the Idzumi Maru, homeward bound, with some sick troops on board, was sunk. The Russians appear to have placed over one hundred of the passengers and crew on another transport before sinking the Idzumi Maru, and it is believed no lives were lost. A Russian report says that an entire Japanese regiment was drowned last week when the Hitachi Maru and Sado Maru were sunk. The mystery of the present whereabouts of the Vladivostok squadron is intensified by a message from St. Petersburg stating that "Admiral Skrydloff has left on a secret mission."

A message received last night says that the Russian squadron sank two sailing vessels on Thursday, thus making five Japanese ships destroyed since the raid began.

ANOTHER TRANSPORT SUNK.

TOKIO, Saturday.

In addition to the Hitachi Maru and the Sado Maru the Russians have sunk the Idzumi Maru, a transport homeward bound with a few sick on board.—Reuter.

TOKIO, Sunday.

A later message says:—The Idzumi Maru was sunk by the Russians at Oshima on Wednesday morning. One hundred and eight passengers and the crew took to the boats when they sighted the Russians. The Gromovoi signalled to them to approach. The boats complied, and all were taken on board and confined between decks during the night.

On Thursday morning the non-combatants were released and sent on board the Unko Maru, which brought them to Maizuru. The Russians then proceeded in the direction of Hokkaido.—Reuter.

A message from Nagasaki says that three boats with survivors have arrived at Hakata, and a Tokio message adds that no lives were lost.

TWO MORE VESSELS SUNK.

TOKIO, Sunday.

The sailing ships Yawata and Ansei were sunk by the Vladivostok Squadron on Thursday between Oku and Kojima Islands. Thirty-seven survivors reached Yesashi this afternoon. The total number of vessels sunk in the raid is now five.—Reuter.

JAPANESE REGIMENT REPORTED DROWNED.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sunday.

The following telegram of to-day's date has been received here from Mukden:—

"According to trustworthy reports, a whole infantry regiment, with its commander and standard, went down in the Japanese transports Hitachi Maru and Sado Maru."—Reuter.

FEARED LOSS OF 5,000 MEN.

CHIFU, Saturday.

Although no official statement has been made concerning the losses, it is believed that at least 5,000 men have lost their lives. The Sado Maru had accommodation for 3,000 troops.

SKRYDLOFF'S SECRET MISSION.

There is considerable anxiety concerning the whereabouts of the Vladivostok squadron. Twenty Japanese transports were at sea at the time of Skrydloff's raid, and of these only six have been reported safe.

The situation is rendered more mysterious than ever by the following telegram:—

PARIS, Sunday.

The "Petit Journal" issues the following telegram from St. Petersburg:—

"Admiral Skrydloff has left on a secret mission."—Reuter.

RUSSIAN VESSELS SIGHTED.

TOKIO, Saturday, 10 a.m.

The Vladivostok squadron was sighted at half-past five this morning off the western entrance to the Tsungur Straits.

Nothing is known of the pursuing Japanese squadron.—Reuter's Special Service.

TOKIO, Saturday, 4 p.m.

The Vladivostok squadron has disappeared off the west coast of the Aomori prefecture.—Reuter.

BIG BATTLE IMMINENT.

Kuropatkin at Last Ready to Begin.

JAPANESE HEADQUARTERS,

(Via Fusan), Saturday.

General Kuropatkin is assembling his forces at Hai-cheng, and a great battle is expected within a month.—Reuter's Special Service.

LIAO-YANG, Friday.

Military activity on a large scale is apparent at Mukden, and it is stated on excellent authority that General Kuropatkin is commencing offensive operations.—Reuter's Special Service.

GREAT BATTLE IMMINENT.

PARIS, Sunday.

The "Temps" Liao-yang correspondent says:— "General Oku's army, together with a division of General Kuroki's army, which defeated the Russians at Wa-fang-kau, is said to be marching on Kai-ping, where a very important battle between the largest portion of the Russian forces and over 100,000 Japanese appears to be imminent. After their former victories the Japanese never showed such haste to pursue the Russians."

OUTPOSTS IN TOUCH.

From Liao-yang a message has been received stating that there is no change in the fortress. A band plays on the boulevards three times a week. The Japanese outposts are twenty-four versts from Port Arthur, beyond the station of Intchenze, and are distant three versts from the Russian outposts. Skirmishes take place occasionally.—Reuter.

STACKELBERG FALLING BACK.

The "Petit Journal" publishes the following telegram from St. Petersburg:—

"A telegram from General Kuropatkin states that General Stackelberg is conducting his retreat in perfect order. He has effected a junction with the Third Division and is falling back on Liao-yang."—Reuter.

3,000 RUSSIAN CASUALTIES.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sunday.

The Liao-yang correspondent of the "Novosti Dnia" telegraphs as follows:—

"General Kuroki's main forces have occupied Sui-yen, whither he has transferred his general staff. It seems that two Japanese armies are making for Kaichau.

"Owing to the Japanese having attempted during the night of the 16th and 17th inst. to turn General Stackelberg's force by proceeding along the sea coast, General Stackelberg was compelled to raise his camp and make a forced march.

"The two battles at Wa-fang-kau cost the Russians about 3,000 killed and wounded."—Reuter.

PORT ARTHUR FLEET REPAIRED.

Admiral Alexieff announces, on reports from Admiral Witthoef at Port Arthur, that the work of repairing the warships there has been brought to a successful conclusion.—Reuter.



This map shows the desperate position in which the Russian army under General Stackelberg has involved itself in its attempt to relieve Port Arthur. Defeated at Wa-fang-kau, General Stackelberg has retreated along the line of the railway to find that he is cut off. Marching from Siuyen, on the east, is a Japanese army under General Nodai, while another force under General Oku is driving him on from the direction of Telissau. Even if he should escape these two armies there is the third army under General Kuroki at Feng-wang-cheng.

SOLDIERS OF ALL SORTS.

Salvation Army Delegates Flock into London.

The big drum boomed a welcome to the foreign delegates assembled at the Clapton headquarters of the Salvation Army last night, when between 4,000 and 5,000 persons were assembled to hear the address of Commissioner McKie, the Australian chief captain of the army, who conducted the meeting.

Salvation Army Japs were there in their war paint, but the most attractive characters were the stalwart members of the Salvation Indian army, who were present in turbans and Oriental tunics, and there were others from South America and Ceylon, and the West Indies.

Field-Commissioner Eva Booth, with pioneers from Klondyke, Labrador fishermen, a brass band composed of coloured men, and a party of Bermuda boys and girls arrived late last night at Euston.

"OLE CLO" CONTRIBUTIONS.

Scores of parcels of second-hand clothes were piled up against the railings of the altar at the Church of St. Mary-at-Hill, Eastcheap, last night.

It was "Ole Clo' Sunday," and the parcels were gifts to the Rev. W. Carllie to be distributed among the destitute out-of-work clerks and others who seek assistance at the Church Army Homes.

There were morning coats, frock coats, a dress suit, corduroys, boots, shirts and collars, in fact, enough clothing, as Mr. Carllie said to a *Mirror* representative, to make a score of men fit to apply for work.

The Church Army gave away 20,000 suits of clothes last year.

St. Mary-at-Hill was packed last night, and while the gifts were being deposited by the altar, the congregation were kept interested by the cinematograph, a gramophone, and selections by the band.

LOSS OF A BRITISH DESTROYER.

SHANGHAI, Sunday.

The British torpedo-boat destroyer Sparrowhawk struck an uncharted rock on the Saddle Islands yesterday, and became a total loss. There was no loss of life. The guns and gear were saved.—Reuter.

The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D.D., announced yesterday morning to the congregation at Westminster Chapel that he had accepted a call to the pastorate there, and would commence his duties on the last Sunday in October.

The Museums and Records Committee of the London County Council are recommending that the residence of Robert Stephenson, engineer, at No. 34, Gloucester-square, Hyde Park, should be indicated as a house of historic interest by the affixing of a memorial tablet.

"MIRROR" MOTOR NON-STOP RUN.

2,000 Miles Sleepless Tour Over Great Britain.

PERTH AND BACK TWICE.

The Gordon-Bennett Cup race, which took place at Homburg on Friday, may have been of interest to the general public from a picturesque and sporting point of view, but it was almost valueless from the commercial standpoint.

What purchasers of motor-cars want to know is not how fast specially-built cars can travel on a specially-prepared road, but what kind of a test the ordinary touring car will stand, taking roads as they come, and travelling, not necessarily very fast, but for a sufficiently long time to put a strain upon its running powers.

With the object of supplying trustworthy information of this kind the *Mirror* has determined to supplement the race of last week at Homburg by a more useful, though less sensational trial. It will, in fact, endeavour to establish a world's record for a 2,000-miles non-stop run from one end of Great Britain to the other and back.

20 HORSE-POWER CAR.

The trial will be made on a 20 horse-power Talbot car, fitted with Clincher tyres, and driven by Mr. D. M. Weigel, who will start from the *Mirror* Office on Wednesday next, at 3 p.m.

He will drive twice from London to Perth and back, a distance of 1,800 miles, and then from London to Portsmouth, via Brighton, and back, making in all 2,000 miles.

A representative of the *Mirror* will accompany the car during the three journeys and act as official observer.

No forty-five miles an hour spurts down hills will be indulged in on the road. Mr. Weigel has a record for careful and skilful driving in France and England, and he has no intention of losing it.

AT LEGAL SPEED.

After leaving London the *Mirror* car will pass through Grantham, Doncaster, York, Durham, Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Stirling, etc., en route to Perth, when the Provost, Councillors, and Sir Thomas Dewar, M.P., will entertain the travellers at luncheon.

Lord Shrewsbury, chairman of the Clement-Talbot Company, is very confident of the success of his car.

In addition to the test of endurance for the Talbot car, it will be a very strenuous strain upon Mr. Weigel and the *Mirror* representative who accompanies him, as it will mean spending several days and nights in the open air without going to bed.

In promoting this long-distance run the idea of the proprietors of the *Mirror* is to establish a long-distance record at legal speed which will be beneficial to motor manufacturers and the public generally.

MARQUIS MOTORIST KILLED.

While Driving Fifty-six Miles an Hour in France.

As the Marquis d'Audiffert Pasquier, son of the Duc d'Audiffert Pasquier, the life senator, was proceeding from Paris to Normandy at a rate of about fifty-six miles an hour a tyre burst and the car was overturned.

The chauffeur was unhurt, but the Marquis was found to be seriously injured and had to be carried to a neighbouring house.

A local doctor on the spot attended the injured man, but he has since died from internal hurts.

THE KING HONOURS A HEAD BOY.

In three closed motor-cars the King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and members of the royal suites, drove on Saturday afternoon from Windsor Castle to Wellington College, where the annual speech day was being celebrated.

The King presented the gold medal which he gives every year to the head boy of the school, afterwards planting two commemorative trees and visiting the chapel and school buildings.

WORLD'S MOTOR TOUR.

Mr. Charles J. Glidden has finished the first portion of his world's tour in a 16-h.p. Napier.

His drive over the Gordon-Bennett course brought his total for the nineteen days of this year up to 2,405 miles. The European drive, which is now complete, has occupied 136 days.

110 MILES AN HOUR.

Thér's average speed in the Gordon-Bennett motor race is given as 54 miles an hour. At times he reached a speed of 110 miles an hour.

ACK IN THE STACK.

loft in a Chimney Laughs
at the Police.

RED RAG OF DEFIANCE.

The Newry Salt Works is by no means a romantic place, but within its precincts is being enacted the earliest, maddest farce that ever drew crowds to a theatre. Here in a tumble-down old chimney-stack a steeplejack, named James Gill, of Boat Quay, Newry, County Down, is bidding defiance to the minions of the law, and laughing at their availing attempts to capture him. A short time ago a warrant was issued for his arrest, but James objects strongly to becoming an inmate of His Majesty's prison, and he lives in the chimney-stack he holds a contract to demolish. The scaffolding inside is of such an insecure description that the police dare not venture to follow him; indeed, he has threatened that if they do he will pull the whole structure down about them. The scene presented on a visit to the works is only, below stand two burly members of the Royal Irish Constabulary, while floating from the top of the chimney, which is over 100ft. high, is a flag of defiance. Now and again over the top appear the laughing face of James, who seems to relish with much gusto his transient notoriety.

Look Him Out.

When questioned as to what they would do, one of the policemen confessed that he did not know, (less he added, jocularly) they used dynamite or looked him out. To starve him out would be rather a long job, for the fortress is well stocked with provisions, and he occasionally invites his would-be captors to take a peep with him. He has a narrow escape, as a constable coming suddenly on the scene saw the redoubtable Jimmy sitting outside the chimney, and shouted, in a voice of triumph, "Ha, I have you now." "So you have," said Jimmy, in a mocking voice, as he walked towards the policeman. When within a few feet of him, however, he darted under some boards, and with a laugh that would have done credit to Mephistopheles, he scrambled the scaffolding inside and disappeared.

Not in Gao! Yet.

The *Mirror* representative visited his home yesterday when asked for a photograph, his own spouse knowingly winked, and said, "Oh, yes, sir, you'll get one in Dundalk Gaol." But there is no sign of him being taken yet. Afterwards this representative had an interview with Gill, during the temporary absence of the police. On being provided with a little porter he came quite loquacious. His friends, he says, are ready to supply him with whatever he wants, whenever they get the opportunity. He appears quite happy in his retreat, and readily admitted to being snaphotted. He explained that it took fifteen minutes to reach the top, as he had to drag a ladder after him. He is about fifty years of age, and fair complexioned, but owing to his residence in such unsavoury surroundings he appears more like a lion than a steeplejack. He occasionally comes to the bottom to show himself to the gazing crowds, and at the slightest hostile movement by the police immediately disappears.

CURRENTS FOR FRUIT.

Strawberries Grown as Big as
Pineapples by Electricity.

Electricity has made it possible to force fruit and vegetables to twice their normal size. Dr. Selim Len Ström, a German scientist, shows by experience that, with a battery costing no more than £30, it is perfectly possible to add from one-sixth to three-quarters to the normal size and utility of certain plants and vegetables. "These results," said an eminent horticulturist a *Mirror* representative, "have stimulated our Royal Horticultural Society to take action. As far as their new hall is paid for they are going to use it as a research station in connection with their studies at Wisley." "The question of electrical forcing will be thoroughly gone into. At no distant date we may expect to see peas as big as gooseberries, and strawberries the size of a large apple. The possibilities are almost endless." "Electric light is sometimes used for forcing," said an official at Messrs. Siemens', the electrical engineers. "The late Sir William Siemens used in his glass-houses, and got very good results, particularly with strawberries."

CANADIAN ARRESTED AS A SPY.

PARIS, Sunday. The Commissary-General at Paris has ordered the arrest of a Canadian subject, named Ellis, on charge of being a spy. It is said that plans of one of the fortresses were in his possession. Ellis is detained in custody, but refuses to reply to the questions put to him by the officials.

SUNNY ASCOT SUNDAY.

Fine Weather Drew a Record
Crowd to Boulter's Lock.

Ascot Sunday on the river threatened in the early morning to be a rainy day, and the boat proprietors, from Windsor to Marlow, lost their hope of recouping themselves for last year's losses. But at a quarter-past twelve the sun came out and shone so resplendently that smokers could scarcely see the flame of a wooden match as they held it for a moment to see whether it was alight. Boulter's Lock was besieged from first to last by every kind of craft that the ingenuity has contrived for river locomotion. Canadian canoes, coracles, dinghies, skiffs, wherries, and punts of many fashions pushed into the narrow waterway, and were wedged between steam, electric, and petrol launches, while now and again a big pleasure boat carried consternation into the crush. A rumour went about the crowd that the King was coming up from Windsor. Hundreds of spectators on the bank were at once full of excitement. Presently a big pleasure-boat nosed her way warily through the lock gates. On her stern was painted the name "The King." Somebody on board was singing the National Anthem. The spectators had been hoaxed by the name of a boat that always went through on a Sunday. Gondolas, apparently, will not be so fashionable this year, for only one was seen at Boulter's yesterday. The bearded lock-man, as ever, had a difficulty in persuading most river-looking oarsmen that the right was the starboard side, and gained many a threepence from folk who preferred to refuse change for sixpence rather than admit they did not know the amusements of the lock toll. The waiting boats cheered when the gates slowly opened. The fruit-seller got, without haggling, half-a-crown for a few small peaches. Everyone told his neighbour with unctious wrong things for right about the river. The ladies who were nervous did their best to look brave. One man wore a frockcoat, and was rowed by a boatman. All the fun of a full Boulter's Lock on an Ascot Sunday up the river.

THE RAJAH'S WREATH.

Incidents of a Visit to the Late
Queen's Tomb.

The Rajah of Jhalawar, who was accompanied by three of his suite, all attired in bright-coloured turbans and Indian costumes, visited Windsor on Saturday to place a wreath on Queen Victoria's tomb. They met with an adventure when they reached Windsor Station. Owing to the race traffic their train was of unusual length, and the Rajah's saloon, which was the last carriage, was drawn up a long way from the platform when the terminus was reached. The stationmaster, guards, and porters ran forward to render the Rajah assistance, but he declined to jump down on to the metals. The only alternative was to procure another engine, and this was done. The saloon was detached from the train and shunted to another platform. There the Rajah and his companions were able to alight in comfort. The wreath which they had with them was composed chiefly of white flowers, and was so huge that a cab had to be hired specially to take it to the Royal Mausoleum. After placing it on the sarcophagus the Rajah and his suite returned at once to London.

DOH-RAY-ME FESTIVAL.

Great Tonic Sol-Fa Gathering at the
Palace.

For forty-seven years without a break the Tonic Sol-Fa Association, one of the most popular musical societies in England, has brought together its thousands of members under the roof of the Crystal Palace. On Saturday 8,000 singers of the two gigantic choirs went through this year's programmes. At 2.30 the children, under the conductorship of Mr. S. Filmer Rook, gave a most successful concert on the Handel Orchestra. The semi-circular tiers of the orchestra were packed with 6,000 youngsters drawn from seventy-two schools. Of this number only six choirs came from districts outside the metropolis. The falling-off in numbers of what was once looked upon as a kind of national choral festival was seen when six o'clock came, and the adult choirs' possession of the orchestra. They barely numbered 2,000, and only one provincial choir was present to swell its numbers and melody. It is contended that the work of the Tonic Sol-Fa is hampered by the refusal of the railway companies to grant special rates to enable them to bring to London the provincial members of their societies.

CHAT WITH BERNHARDT.

Tells a "Mirror" Interviewer Her
Hopes for a London Theatre.

On Saturday, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt arrived in London. Soon after her arrival the satisfactory announcement was made that a reconciliation had taken place in Paris between Mme. Bernhardt and M. de Max. The latter artist will, consequently, appear at His Majesty's Theatre to-night in his impersonation of Cardinal Ximenes, the part he created in "La Sorcière." A *Mirror* representative, who waited upon Mme. Bernhardt at the Carlton Hotel yesterday afternoon, had the good fortune to obtain an exceedingly interesting interview with the great tragedienne. "Il faut un froid de loup," cried Madame, as she extended a hand of greeting. "In Paris it was warm, but have"—with an expressive gesture Madame Bernhardt indicated the cheerful fire that was blazing in the reception-room. "Will I establish my own theatre in London? I shall try. But here it takes so much money." "Ah, yes. I telegraphed my congratulations to Mr. Beerboom Tree. His school of acting must have a beneficial influence upon the future of the English stage." "I have read what Yvette Guilbert said of English actors. Well, what would you have? Has she not the same things of French actors, too? It is a custom." In further conversation Madame Bernhardt explained that the interest manifested in "La Sorcière" was so great that she had already been forced to disappoint numbers of managers anxious to secure its production by her in the provinces. This is rendered impossible by the arrangements she has already made. At the end of the English season she will take a short holiday at her country house at Belle-Ile-en-mer, in Brittany. Her autumn season in Paris will open with the production of "Par le fer et par le feu," adapted from the novel of Sienkiewicz, by her son, M. Maurice Bernhardt.

"PILGRIM" OF PEACE.

Lord Roberts Accepts an In-
vitation To Visit America.

The members of the Pilgrims' Club—an association formed to promote Anglo-American good will—dined at the Savoy Hotel on Saturday night. The dinner was in honour of Lord Roberts, who is president of the society in this country. The Victoria Room was draped and decorated to represent the interior of an Indian tent. "The Pilgrims" sat down at twenty-one small tables, presided over by Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador. In proposing the health of Lord Roberts, Mr. Choate said it was well known that his Lordship was utterly unable to blow his own trumpet. He (Mr. Choate), who was suspected of some slight capacity in that direction, was called upon to do it for him. Although a great man of war, Lord Roberts was equally known as a great and effective man of peace. He invited Lord Roberts to cross the Atlantic. He would like to be at the White House when their guest and the younger soldier, President Roosevelt, met. He assured those present that all business would be suspended, and Lord Roberts and the President would sit cheek by jowl from the rising to the setting of the sun matching stories of war. Lord Roberts, in responding, remarked that he hoped he would be able to accept the invitation of Mr. Choate, and that at no very distant date.

A STRIKING STRIKE.

Nice, Sunday.

In spite of the severe measures adopted, the tramway employees who are out on strike this morning pelled with stones several trams which had left the yards, and uprooted the poles supporting the overhead wires, thus causing a breakdown in the tram service. The strikers also removed the points at the entrance to the yards so that no more trams could come out. Numbers of men paraded the streets singing the "Marseillaise."—Reuter.

HONOURING BOBRICKOFF'S MEMORY.

HELSINGFORS, Saturday. General Bobrickoff's body will be conveyed to St. Petersburg on Monday by special train. There will be imposing processions in St. Petersburg. The authorities are convinced that Eugen Schanman, who shot the General, was the chosen agent of a band of conspirators.—Reuter's Special Service.

DOWIE'S "SANDY" MAN.

Prophet's Wife Says the "Mirror"
Turned Them Out of London.

REMITTANCES FOR ZION.

Dowie has left England for England's good. He sailed by the Cunard steamer *Lucania* from Liverpool to New York on Saturday. His departure has saved weak-minded members of the British public thousands of pounds, which they might have been foolish enough to subscribe. That he was refused accommodation at most of the London hotels is due to the action of the representative of the *Mirror*, who brought to the notice of managers the real character of his preaching. Mrs. Dowie, on her departure, made a pointed reference to the energetic *Mirror* representative. Dowie had spent Friday night comfortably and peacefully in his sumptuous staterooms on board the Cunard steamer at Canada Dock. Pressmen were kept at a respectful distance by two policemen, and he was not seen by the vulgar eye of the public till the vessel was leaving the landing stage. He was early astir, however, on Saturday morning, and had breakfast alone in the dining-room at eight o'clock.

Pathetic Farewell.

Then he returned to his stateroom, where he dictated pathetic farewells to his forsaken followers, asking that any loving gifts that their loyalty and devotion might have prompted them to give him personally should be forwarded on to him, carriage paid and properly registered, at Zion City.

Remittances, however, might be sent to him at New York, where he intends to stay for a few days on landing, and where (D.V.) on Sunday next, he will address a meeting in the Carnegie Hall.

The "Profit" was seen by private friends, to one of whom he broke out in a splenetic spasm of vituperation against the *English Press* and the way in which they had brought about his ignominious and premature retreat. To others, however, he assumed a more subdued attitude, and permitted his wife to do the talking. She was amply apologetic and conciliatory. "Dr. Dowie," she said, "intended no insult to the King when he made his Australian speech. His diatribe was directed against all forms of earthly government. The republican governments were denounced just as were the monarchical, for the only ideal government was that exercised by the 'boss' of Zion City, who was a heavenly monarch and conducted his affairs on approved and highly efficient heavenly lines."

"There everybody followed the example of the 'hoble' boss, except in the minor matters of making money and living in luxury. That is to say, they were all meek and good and true, and no policemen were required to restrain such mobs as those who hustled the gentle Elijah in America."

The "Mirror's" Work.

"It was those New York students who started the bother, and we have also to thank a sandy-looking gentleman, who followed us about in London and got us turned out of nearly every hotel, and all because my dear husband was misunderstood. In these sentiments the 'prophet' silently acquiesced."

When the vessel had begun to slowly move off, the prophet came forth and, standing by the bulwarks with his wife and son on one side, and Overseer Excel Deacon Stern and Mrs. Stern and Deacon Newcombe on the other, he complacently surveyed the vanishing shores of inhospitable England. As he majestically waved his white flannel cap, the sun glistened on his prominent square shining bald head, and on his patriarchal white beard.

DEATH-TRAP CHURCHES.

Bad Ventilation the Common Cause
of Pneumonia.

"A very sensible protest!" exclaimed a West End physician to a *Mirror* representative. "I myself am convinced that the majority of our London churches are death-traps."

The air in winter is deactivating, owing to the heating apparatus. In summer windows are kept closed, and if the congregation is a moderately large one the impure atmosphere becomes very foul in a short time.

"Pneumonia is one of the most common diseases contracted at church. I admit, however, that a man or woman must be open to entertain the merry microbes."

The draughts in badly-ventilated churches and chapels in the summer months, and the light, open dresses ladies wear speedily bring about the condition necessary to harbour the microbes, and the result is often a long illness, possibly followed by permanent lung troubles. In places of worship, the doctor explained, where the doors are kept open during week-days the danger is not nearly so great. Another point emphasised was the terror of the ventilating grid running through the middle aisles. These, in old churches, bring foul odours from the depths below, and nothing can disguise the flavour of the vaults.

"CHARLIE" CHERRY.**Mr. Ben Webster's Successor in
"Mice and Men."**

That altogether charming play of Mrs. Lucette Riley's, "Mice and Men," was revived with every success on Saturday at the Duke of York's by Mr. Forbes Robertson, with Miss Gertrude Elliott once more in her own ideal part of "Little Britain."

The one great change in the cast was the arrival of a new Lovell, in the place of Mr. Ben Webster and in the person of Mr. Charles Cherry, who has for the last few weeks been playing the husband's part in "Cynthia," during the illness of Mr. Gerald Du Maurier.

The great point about Mr. Cherry—referred to in the vestibule as "Charlie"—is the enormous improvement that a year or two of America have made in his acting. He went over to America one of the handsomest men on the stage; he has come back a fully-equipped actor, with a freedom and breadth of style quite surprising to those who have not seen him since he played the original Captain Basting in "The Gay Lord Quex" at the Globe.

One may frankly admit that, built as he is for what are commonly known as "Hawtrey parts," the costume and sentiment of the soldier lover of "Little Britain" must have been fairly difficult things for Mr. Cherry to adapt himself to at so short a notice. None the less, especially in the earlier, lighter scenes, where he seemed more at home with his lines, his acting was entirely admirable and easy.

We say that England has no school for actors; but if they all come back from America as much invigorated as has Mr. Cherry, the desired academy seems to be founded somewhere on the other side of the "herring-pond."

YACHTS' LONG RACE.**Dover to Heligoland for the German
Emperor's Cup.**

Yachts competing for the German Emperor's cup have a long journey. They started at two o'clock on Saturday from Dover, and have to race to Heligoland, a distance of 310 miles.

Forty-eight hours is the record for the course, held by Meteor II., and as this is hardly likely to be beaten, news of the result cannot be expected before Monday night.

Fifteen boats started, ranging in tonnage from the powerful American schooner Ingomar, of 248 tons, to the old 80-ton cutter Fiona. One German boat has started, the Clara, 185 tons, and one French, the Gitana, 109 tons, both schooners.

The Fiona got away with a lead, and has 7 hours 35 minutes start in the handicap.

WATCHING A HOUSE.**"Police Officer" Is Only "A Poor
Working Chap."**

Among the applicants to the Southwark magistrate on Saturday was a woman, who handed up a letter, saying it had been sent to a firm of house agents.

The document ran:—

Gentlemen,—It has just transpired that you have let No. 29, — street, to some people from — street. I regret to have to inform you that they are associated with some people who have just cleared out of my indent behaviour. I am a police officer, and request you to refuse their admittance at once and return deposit on keys, as we are about to arrest them. No questions need be asked, as we are watching them day and night. This must be kept secret, as my name must not be transpired.—Yours truly, POLICE OFFICER.

The woman said her husband did not want to prosecute.

Mr. Taylor: Who has written the letter—a police officer?—No, he works for my husband's firm. We know his handwriting and could swear to it. He is only a poor working chap.

The magistrate said the writer of the letter must be told he had become liable under the Police Act.

FASTER POLICEMEN WANTED.

Many of the boys of Canning Town are given to playing "pitch and catch" in the streets, and have done so with impunity by using other boys' be on the look-out and warn them of the approach of the police.

At West Ham Police Court on Saturday a magistrate remarked, "You policemen will have to learn to run. Surely, big men ought to catch little nippers!" One small boy of fourteen had been captured while gambling with two other lads under a lamp in Pacific-road, Canning Town. The magistrates discharged him with a caution.

Fifteen members of the Haverford cricket team arrived at Queenstown yesterday from New York, on the invitation of Lord Harris, and are to play eleven matches against the public schools of England.

GOBBETT'S DEAD DOUBLE.**Queer Story of a Greenwich Lighterman's Return to
the Wife Who Thought She Was His Widow.****WHY THE WINKLE CLUB BEANFEAST WAS POSTPONED.**

It does not often fall to the lot of a man to hear the details of his own funeral discussed with obvious relish.

This experience was enjoyed on Saturday afternoon, however, by Mr. John Gobbett, a Greenwich lighterman, employed on the sailing barge Queen Alexandra.

On the 4th inst. Gobbett announced to his wife that he was making a trip on the barge as far as Colchester, and would not be back for some days.

It appears that at Southend the barge was delayed by rough weather, and Gobbett was prevented from sending his customary letter to his wife.

About a week after his departure a body was taken from the river which was pronounced by all who saw it to be that of Gobbett.

The points of resemblance appear to have been very remarkable. The dead man had undergone but a short immersion in the water, and had not been in any way disfigured.

TWENTY CONFIDENT WITNESSES.

Twenty witnesses, including Gobbett's wife and father, identified the body as that of the Greenwich lighterman.

Moreover, at one time in his career Gobbett had broken his leg, an accident which left him with a crooked limb and a large semi-circular scar.

The dead man is said to have possessed a malformation exactly similar, as well as distinctive scars on the bridge of the nose, and under the left ear, and a large birthmark. All these are peculiarities which distinguish Gobbett himself.

On the other hand, Gobbett has only a moustache, while the dead man wore a beard. The body was also noticeably taller than Gobbett.

In view of these discrepancies, it is surprising that a telegram was not sent to the captain of the barge, for the owner testified at the inquest that the Queen Alexandra was then lying at Colchester.

It appears, however, that several acquaintances of Gobbett came forward to declare that they had seen him in Greenwich on dates subsequent to the sailing of the barge.

So it was hastily assumed that Gobbett had not been on board, but had met his death owing to some accident upon the river.

The body was taken to Gobbett's home, and was afterwards buried in the Nunhead Cemetery, at the expense of the family. It is said that Gobbett's mother was buried in the same grave.

IN WIDOW'S WEEDS.

For the next few days Gobbett was mourned as one dead. His wife assumed widow's weeds, and the other members of the family wore the customary mourning bands.

Out of respect for the memory of Gobbett it was thought only right to postpone the annual bean-feast of the local Winkle Club. Friends of the departed lighterman vied with one another in showing their sympathy with the woman who mourned his loss.

Then, last Friday morning, Mrs. Gobbett received a strange letter. It was addressed to "My dear wife," and the writer subscribed himself "Your loving husband, John Gobbett," enclosing a postal order for ten shillings.

But it was not in Gobbett's handwriting, having been written, as a matter of fact, by the skipper of the barge at Gobbett's request.

The letter announced that Gobbett would be home on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Gobbett, who firmly believed she had seen her husband lying in his coffin, did not know what to do. She hoped, but found it difficult to believe the good news, because the handwriting was unfamiliar.

On Saturday afternoon there was quite a little crowd of riverside men—as well as a representative of the *Daily Mirror*—on Piper's Wharf, Greenwich, to await the arrival of the Queen Alexandra.

A cheer, which the crew of the barge failed to

appreciate, was raised when it was seen that Gobbett was, indeed, on the boat. No one on board, it transpired, was acquainted with the strange history of the past few days.

"Hallo, Jack, we buried you last Wednesday," shouted an acquaintance.

GOBBETT SUSPECTS A JOKE.

"Aye, aye," replied the "ghost" indifferently, scenting some mysterious pleasantry.

"It's a fact," continues the other. "We buried him last Wednesday, didn't we, mates?"

Amid the chorus of assent which followed, Gobbett's brother took him aside, and quickly informed him of what had happened.

Gobbett at once hurried off to his wife, whose delicate state of health had prevented her from being upon the wharf to meet him.

The meeting was a painful one for both, for at first the poor, overwrought woman could not believe the evidence of her senses. Later on, however, she was able to appreciate to its full extent the great joy of finding her husband really alive.

Having exchanged greetings with the members of his family, Mr. Gobbett returned to discuss with the *Mirror* representative his strange experience.

The place and the company were alike worthy of the occasion.

They sat in a small bar of a waterside public-house, clean, and with the floor neatly sanded.

In one corner sat an elderly waterman, with a grey fringe of whisker under his chin. Next him was a short gentleman, who restrained between his knees a large, brown bull-pup. Several riverside men lounged about the bar. Their names seemed to be mostly Bill and Jim.

"They all knew the hero of the day, and greeted him cheerily.

"Wot a beautiful corpse you made, didn't he, Bill?" remarked the old waterman.

"He did," assented Bill, removing a short, black clay pipe from between his teeth. "An' he was buried most respectable."

FUNERAL REMINISCENCES.

"Brass 'andles to the coffin, an' a plate an' all," added another.

"Shouldn't ask for a better funeral myself."

"I never knew you was so much respected, Jack," chimed in the man with the bull-pup.

"Aye, aye," said Jack feebly, reaching for his beer.

"Yes, Jack," said the landlord encouragingly, "we had our flag flying half-mast all the day of your funeral."

"An' the old original winkle club 'as put off its summer outing," added Bill, thoughtfully.

"Never knew he was so much respected," repeated the man with the bull-pup.

"They tell me," said Jim, looking steadfastly out of the window, "that Jack's old man bore up fine until he got that letter sayin' he was alive."

"Aye, aye," murmured Jack deprecatingly.

"Yes," said Bill "but when he sor that he bust into tears and went to bed, an' ain't got up since."

"Jack," murmured the man with the bull-pup, "this order cure you o' not writin' to your missus," continued the old waterman.

"I never knew—" began the doggy man.

"Here, what do you mean?" demanded Jack.

WATERSIDE PHILOSOPHY.

But here the old waterman summed up the situation.

"When a man's dead and respectfully buried," he remarked sententially, "an' the funeral paid for, mind you; and when that man comes back and frightens his friends like this, well, that man's duty's as plain as the 'and before yer face. Thank yer, Jack, mine's two o' rum!"

Meanwhile, it may be remarked that the identity of the buried man, so strangely like Gobbett in many particulars, remains a complete mystery. One result of the mistake is that Mrs. Gobbett will have to appear before a magistrate, and swear an affidavit to the effect that the dead man was not her husband.

SMACKING A POLICEMAN.

As Rose Stapleton, a laundress, was leaving the dock of West London Police Court on Saturday, after being convicted of disorderly conduct, she dealt the policeman who had arrested her a resounding smack on the face.

The woman was again placed in the dock and sentenced to two months' hard labour, in addition to a fine of 40s. or a month's hard labour on the first charge. She abused the magistrate in most violent language during the whole of the proceedings.

Through falling over a bucket Thomas Southerton, of Manor Park, has died. He lingered for nine months in Guy's Hospital before his injuries proved fatal.

RELUCTANT WITNESS.**Maud Goodman's Story of
Identifying Pollard.**

In the course of his evidence at Bow-street in the conspiracy charge which has arisen out of his wife's divorce petition, Thomas Pollard stated that on August 2, 1902, he received an anonymous letter asking him to meet the writer at the Clock Tower, Plymouth. He went, but failed to meet anyone who wished to claim his acquaintance.

When further evidence was given by the Plymouth girl, Maud Goodman, at the resumed hearing on Saturday, Mr. C. Mathews, who is conducting the Treasury prosecution, drew her attention to this date. She said that Bray, one of the six accused men, called upon her and made arrangements for her to be at the Clock Tower later in the day for the purpose of seeing whether or not she could identify Pollard.

"You Must Know Him."

She went there as arranged, and, as Pollard was passing, Bray exclaimed: "There's our man." She told him that she thought she knew the man, and thereupon her companion, Louie Ford, said "You must know him. He seems to recognise you."

Maud Goodman, however, was unable to say positively whether she had ever met Pollard before. However, subsequently, at Bray's request, she signed a statement implicating Pollard.

A day or two afterwards she wrote to Messrs. Osborn and Osborn, the solicitors, making a statement as to her relations with Pollard, and adding, "Minnie Wilson should not be called. She would only make a blunder, as she is not to be trusted. I shall feel obliged if you will send my friend and myself a present for our trouble on Saturday."

In reply Messrs. Osborn and Osborn wrote saying that they had already received Bray's report, and they enclosed postal orders for £2, of which £1 was to be handed to Louie Ford.

Declining to Go to London.

On the day that she came to London to give evidence in the divorce case Osborn and Bray called upon her at her lodgings in Plymouth. Osborn told her that she would have to go to London that day, but she said that she would not go.

Osborn replied that she would have to go, and she then said to him: "If I have got to go, I will go."

Mr. Gill: At the time you wrote to Osborn saying that the gentleman whom Bray had pointed out to you was the gentleman with whom you had stayed at Summerland-place in June did you believe what you wrote?

I was made to believe it whether I did or not.

Did you believe it?—I didn't know what to believe.

Mr. Gill had not finished his cross-examination when the Court rose.

SCENE AT ROMANO'S.**Unprovoked Assault in the Bar of a
Restaurant.**

A strange midnight scene at Romano's restaurant, in the Strand, was described at Bow-street Police Court on Saturday.

Just before twelve o'clock on Friday night Mr. Percy Sleath Green, who is staying at the Palace Hotel, Kensington, was talking to some friends at the bar when a man named James Brodie, of Selwood-terrace, Onslow-gardens, rushed up to him and knocked him down with a blow on the left eye.

An eye-witness of the assault, Mr. Martin Henry, a theatrical manager, said that no words were exchanged. Brodie simply knocked Mr. Green down without saying anything. Everybody present appeared to be sober, and in this he was supported by the evidence of a policeman.

Brodie alleged that Mr. Green and his friends hustled people about the bar, and as he himself was not quite sober, he resented it, and believing that some one who struck him in the face was the prosecutor he retaliated.

He was fined £5, with the alternative of a month's imprisonment.

RODS ON THE RIVER.

Very many London anglers visited the Thames on Saturday and yesterday. The water was in the pink—or, rather, brown—of condition.

There was a nice steady stream, and just sufficient colour to make anglers hopeful.

The roach, however, were not by any means in feeding mood.

A *Mirror* angler, who visited Pangbourne, one of the best reaches on the river, had a few nice roach in the evening on Saturday, and perch were caught by other anglers.

The roach were in capital condition for the time of year, but are still feeding very shyly, and fine tackle is requisite.

The death is announced of Mrs. Ann Howells, at Resolven, near Neath, in her 106th year. She was married a second time when ninety years of age.

Fourteen cases of smallpox are under treatment in the Eton Union district.

The Premier left London in his motor-car at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon for Windsor Castle, and he will return to-day.

One of the quaintest old taverns in the City, the Blue Last, Dorset-street, Fleet-street, is shortly to be sold, the building, which is over 200 years old, having to come down for improvements.

The funds of the Union Jack Club now amount to, promised and received, upwards of £20,500. The foundation-stone of the club will be laid on July 21, at 4 p.m., by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who will be accompanied by H.R.H. the Princes of Wales.

PLAYMATES DROWNED TOGETHER.

A double drowning fatality occurred at Guildford on Saturday afternoon. A young man named Boxall, aged eighteen, and a lad named Smith, aged thirteen, were fishing in the mill-pool, both having their boots and stockings off, when Smith got out of his depth.

Boxall made a gallant but ineffectual attempt to rescue him, and they were both drowned.

MISERIES OF MOTORISTS.

Prosecution of the guilty is being exchanged for persecution of the genuinely innocent. We go out in our cars in a perfect terror, says a writer in the "Country Gentleman," apprehensive that we may find ourselves the victim of circumstances or transgressors in some absolutely fresh and unheard-of implication of the law. Every common constable states at us with a look which is almost an insult.

GIRL DROWNED AT KEW.

Emily Reeves and Alfred Stevens, who, it is said, were shortly to have been married, were boating at Kew on Saturday, when the boat was upset by the wash from a passing tug.

The young man was with great difficulty rescued by the mate of the tug, but Miss Reeves, who was nineteen years of age, was drowned. The deceased's sister, in the same month last year, met her death in a similar way at Ramsgate.

NEST IN A LETTER-BOX.

A pair of blue tits have built their nest in a private letter-box at Pickworth, near Folkingham, and eleven young ones are being reared therein.

The birds do not appear to be at all disturbed when the letters are put in or taken out of the box, the old birds flying in and out through the aperture.

FREE FOOD FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN.

The Bethnal Green Borough Council have unanimously passed a resolution that children attending public elementary schools should be fed by public money when necessary. It was considered that education on an empty stomach was little good.

JOCKEYS PLAYING CRICKET.

A cricket match, Huntsmen v. Jockeys, will be played at the Crystal Palace to-day in aid of the Bentineck Memorial Fund and the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society.

Mr. Montagu Green, who will captain the jockeys, will have under him the most well-known flat and steeplechasing riders, including O. Madden, D. Maher, and G. Williamson, while Mr. S. Morgan (Lord Galway's) has got a thoroughly representative team of huntsmen on his side.

FINDINGS NOT KEEPIOS.

When Henry Jennings, a traveller, of East Dulwich, was charged at Lambeth Police Court by stealing a postal order valued at £2, Elijah Woolcock said he lost the postal order on the 16th ult. at East Dulwich.

The prisoner when arrested said: "Yes; I found it. I know I did wrong. I ought to have handed it over to the police."

Mr. Francis said it was a very popular error that those who found a wallet keep it. That was not so in law. A person finding anything in the street had no right whatever to appropriate it to his own use if an owner could be found for it. But, under the circumstances, prisoner would be discharged.

ARE ENGLISH WORKMEN DIRTY?

Next to drink as a cause of impaired physique among the English poor, we should be inclined to place dirt, sheer bodily filthiness, says the "Lancet." With possible exceptions in the cases of Tibet and Lapland we are compelled to admit that the English working classes are probably the dirtiest bipeds in the world, alike in their clothes and in their persons. They display themselves in public, and even travel by public conveyances, in conditions which would not be tolerated in any other civilized country.

In America working men in factories demand and are supplied with baths and dressing-rooms, and they wash and change their clothes before they leave their work and go into the streets. Nothing like English working-class dirt is ever seen in public on the Continent of Europe, unless in its far Eastern portions.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

"Give me the training of the teachers, and I will tell you the future of the nation," said the Bishop of London, preaching on Saturday.

Ethel Scammel, of Birmingham, walked through her bedroom window in her sleep, and was removed to the hospital suffering from serious injuries.

The London County Council will be asked at its next meeting to sanction the purchase of the London, Deptford, and Greenwich Tramways Company's undertaking, and to vote £35,500 in connection therewith.

The Queen is anxious that her visit to the East End on July 14, when she opens the summer show of the East London Horticultural Society, shall be "a poor people's fête more than anything else," and does not wish to have any addresses or speeches made to her.

ENGLAND'S PRIDE.

"The King poses neither as patrician, patriarch, nor patriot. He walks with quiet footsteps into the good will of the foreign Chancelleries of public opinion," says Sir Gilbert Parker in the "Smart Set," and brings home something to the national Treasury.

CYCLIST'S UNEXPECTED RIDE.

Frank Barlow, of Manor Park, was fined £5 for motoring at a dangerous speed.

He ran down a cyclist, whose machine was knocked from under him, the rider himself being thrown on to the motor and carried a considerable distance.

MOTOR DRIVER IMPRISONED.

Walter Pratt, in the employment of a local firm of motor engineers, at Norwich, was sent to prison for three weeks, and fined in sums amounting to £13 in addition, for driving a motor-car carelessly and without a light, and for being drunk.

The defendant took some friends out for a drive, and coming home the car was upset, and subsequently ran into a flock of sheep, killing several. Two lady passengers were rendered insensible.

DECAPITATED BY A GOLF BALL.

As a member of the Birkdale Golf Club drove, a cartilaginous object observed flying over the line of foot, the golf ball was seen to hit the bird at a distance of about forty paces from the striker. The wagtail fell at once to earth, and was found to be not only stone dead, but absolutely decapitated.

RECORD CARGO OF TWO-POUNDERS.

The third, and largest, contingent of £2 emigrants left Southampton on Saturday in the White Star Liner *Germanic*, sailing under the auspices of the American Line, for New York.

They went by special trains from London, and numbered 820, the emigrants being mainly typical of the British agricultural and labouring classes.

TEETOTALER AT A DISADVANTAGE.

When James Cliftville, of Purley, was charged at Marlborough-street with breaking into the premises of Messrs. Ernest, of Regent-street, with intent to steal, constable Scarlett, 368 C, stated that when arrested Cliftville said, "I don't know how I came in; I must have lost my memory."

In court the prisoner told the magistrate: "I did not go there with any intent to steal or do any harm. I must have become silly or something. I am a teetotaler, but met some friends and had some port wine."

He was remanded for a week.

CROWD'S COWARDLY CONDUCT.

Fredrick Weston, a boy of six, with other boys, was playing on the banks of the backwater of the River Lea, when he suddenly fell in, and despite the fact that the boys he was with raised an alarm and a crowd collected no one went into the water to help him.

Some time after Weston had fallen in Mr. John Sutton, a seaman, saw the crowd on the banks, and when told what had happened he at once threw off his jacket and vest, jumped into the water, which was very deep, and brought the body to land.

At the inquest the jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death.

PRaise FOR "A LITTLE HERO."

Frank Bridewell, aged eleven and a half years, had only received two lessons in swimming, but entered the river at Godalming on the way to the church choir practice.

A companion named Edward Dean, aged twelve, dived into the river when he noticed Bridewell in difficulties, but despite his efforts to maintain a firm grasp, the young boy struggled and got away. The body was eventually recovered by Dean's father.

At the inquest the coroner praised the boy's conduct, and said he was a little hero. He hoped the town would suitably recognise his gallantry. A verdict of Accidental Death was returned, and the jury gave their fees to Dean.

The Queen, who is as fond of motoring as the King, has just had delivered a new car, specially designed and equipped.

General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., will pay a visit to Tonbridge to-morrow to unveil the memorial erected to the Volunteers who fell in the South African war.

Arrested for begging in the streets of Manchester Albert Brown, a nine-year-old boy, puzzled the police by saying he had two "daddies," and that his name was Wilson. His parents were eventually found, and he was handed back to Mr. Brown.

The nett proceeds of the Royal Albert Hall fête on behalf of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children amounted to £1,990, a considerable portion of which was derived from the purses presented by children and received by the Duchess of Connaught.

KILLED CHILD WITH A COAL-HAMMER.

At the Essex Assizes Harriet Baker, forty-six, was indicted for the murder of her six-year-old daughter Elsie at Great Wakering.

The woman killed the child with a coal-hammer, inflicting terrible injuries about the head. It was stated that she was very fond of her children, and the medical evidence showed that she was insane at the time.

She was ordered to be detained during his Majesty's pleasure.

BALLOON CHASED BY CYCLISTS.

Dr. Knott, Mr. Arthur Spencer, and Mr. Dawson made a balloon ascent at Ipswich on Saturday, and after being half an hour in the air, the party landed at Felixstowe, close to the sea.

The ascent was of some military interest, as the balloon was chased and ultimately captured by the Cyclists' Battalion of the 1st Suffolk Volunteers.

ROYAL ACADEMY DANGERS.

Visitors to the Royal Academy summer exhibition cannot have failed to observe, says a correspondent of the "Times," that the provision for convenient and rapid exit in an emergency is remarkably inadequate.

The sixteen galleries accommodate many thousands of people, yet there is but one exit, and that is barred by a turnstile barrier.

HYMN-WRITER OUT OF WORK.

From the advertisement columns of a morning contemporary:

THE Author of the Hymn, "For the Beauty of the Earth," classical Honours (Cambridge), after long illness, much desires EMPLOYMENT, Literary or Educational. Address, etc.

FELL FROM RAMSGATE CLIFFS.

William Smith, milk carrier, was found shockingly injured at the foot of Ramsgate cliffs, over which he had fallen on to the railway line. He died soon afterwards.

In order to reach the point from which he fell he would have to climb a high fence, and the cliff at that point is sixty-nine feet high. But at the inquest no evidence was forthcoming as to Smith being in trouble or being strange in his manner, and his employers gave him an excellent character, so the jury returned an open verdict.

CARRIAGE HORSES RUN AMUCK.

The lifeboat demonstration at Maidenhead was marred by an alarming accident. The boat had just been launched amid the cheers of thousands of persons when a pair of horses attached to a carriage in which were Lady Rose and a friend suddenly bolted and dashed into the bands and crowds.

Many persons were knocked down and badly injured. A cab with which the runaways collided was knocked down and smashed; mail carts and bicycles were upset, and young children were picked up, in one case from under the excited horses' feet.

Lady Rose and her friend escaped unhurt.

BRILLIANT NONCONFORMISTS.

In a letter to the Press Mr. J. Carvell Williams points out that Mr. Eddington, the Senior Wrangler of this year, is of Quaker origin and education. He says this is the third time within the last five years that the Senior Wrangler has been a Nonconformist, and the twenty-fourth time in forty-five years.

Let, strange to say, during all this period Nonconformists have been practically, if not by law, excluded from the masterships of endowed and other public schools, and from teacherships in thousands of elementary schools, as well as from the majority of training colleges. Happily, there is now a good prospect of a salutary change, there being a consensus of opinion in favour of the complete abolition of tests in every department of educational work. And that, says Mr. Carvell Williams, is one of the very few good results of the legislation of 1902.

W. Lambert, a platelayer, was killed by the Newhaven boat train at Balham Station.

At Oxford the Rev. Vincent William Lucas, formerly an Oxford City lecturer, was fined 5s. for being drunk and incapable.

It cost the ratepayers over £50 to keep the four children of William Jarvis at the Hackney Workhouse. For deserting them Jarvis has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

Ex-Inspector Cooper, of the M Division, who recently retired from the Metropolitan Police Force, after twenty-five years' service, was on Saturday presented by the tradesmen and principal residents of Bermondsey with a cheque for a very substantial sum, as a mark of their esteem and regard.

UPSET THE WEDDING-PARTY.

A large motor-car, containing a wedding-party, was overturned through the chauffeur taking a curve too rapidly near Manchester on Saturday.

Two young lady guests, named Evans and Hanister, of Leeds, were thrown out and slightly injured. The other four passengers escaped with a shaking.

WIDOW'S LOVE TRAGEDY.

Three years a widow, Mary Anne Cottrell, of Homerton, had latterly kept company with Charles Whipp, a saw mill proprietor, of South Hackney. The last occasion upon which she met him was on Monday. She seemed as usual, and said she was going to her sister-in-law. Two days later her body was found in Regent's Canal.

At the inquest on Saturday it was explained that Mrs. Cottrell had been confined in an asylum. Whipp himself said he ceased to walk out with her some time ago, but they remained friendly.

The jury returned an open verdict.

MASON AS PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE.

Councillor Stranks, a stonemason, who is to contest Croydon in the Labour interest at the general election, will probably be granted £200 towards his election expenses.

If elected, he will receive £200 a year while he remains M.P.

BRITISH FLORISTS v. FOREIGNERS.

The remarkable extension of flower culture in the British Isles during the past few years has kept the markets so well supplied that it has had a material effect in checking supplies from abroad.

Commenting upon this fact, the "Gardener's Magazine" points out that in May, 1903, the value of the cut flower imports was £19,749, but last month it was £17,703. For the five months ending May last the value was £179,166, as compared with £197,981 in the corresponding period of last year.

DOCTOR FINED FOR SMACKING A BABY.

Dr. Walker, a Manchester hospital surgeon, while examining a three-year-old patient, put his finger in its mouth.

The baby promptly bit the finger, and, according to the evidence given at the police-court, the doctor then smacked its face three times.

Dr. Walker declared that he did not give the child more than two taps on the right cheek, and did not strike it after he got his finger away. But the stipendiary expressed the opinion that the doctor had used excessive violence, and imposed a fine of 20s. and costs, also allowing a guinea extra costs.

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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, JUNE 20, 1904.

BACK FROM THE GRAVE.

Of all the strange Enoch Arden stories that have ever been told, either in novels or in newspapers, that which we publish this morning has stranger features than any we can recollect. It reads like one of Mr. W. W. Jacobs's funniest and most delightfully improbable tales of seafaring folk. Yet it is every word solemn, sober truth.

Mr. Whistler once admitted, when an admirer told him a sunset reminded her of one of his pictures, that "Nature was looking up." Mr. Jacobs might with justice complain that Reality is stealing his best effects, and beating him upon his own ground. For not even Mr. Jacobs could have invented this thing quite so oddly as it really happened.

Our account of the return to Greenwich on Saturday afternoon of the man whose body was supposed to have been buried some days before, with all due ceremony, and at the cost of £15 to his afflicted family, is full of intimate details which bring home to us this "strange, eventful history" in all its pathos and all its humour alike.

Have not most of us wondered what sort of a reception we should meet with if we were to return from the dead, as John Gobbett did? Have not hundreds of story-tellers, from Homer and Tennyson downwards, tried to imagine what would happen in such circumstances? Here we have what actually did happen, and it is better than any story.

Truth once more has proved itself stranger than fiction, and vastly more interesting. Yet even Truth leaves as yet unexplained one grim element of mystery in the case. Whose body was it that was buried? That, as Mr. Kipling used to say, is another story, and it may be a story we shall never hear. But one cannot help thinking that it might prove a sort of Edgar Allen Poe sensation, quite as weird in its way as the return of John Gobbett is amusing in Mr. Jacobs's style.

For a headmaster of a great public school the Rev. Bertram Pollock, who had the King and Queen to tea at Wellington College on Saturday, is very young. He is, in fact, only just over forty. But he has the Pollock manner, and that counts for a great deal. Members of this famous family cannot help being successful. Their attitude towards the rest of the world was well exhibited when one of them wrote a book once with a certain Mr. Duffield. "I have read your book, Walter," said the head of the family, "but couldn't a Pollock have done it alone? Who is the superfluous and unnecessary Duffield?"

Another headmaster very much to the fore just now is the Rev. H. B. Gray, who produces the Bradfield Greek play to-morrow. He is a small man, with an inexhaustible energy, very different from Mr. Pollock, who goes about gently with bent shoulders and a far-away look in his eyes. Mr. Gray is perpetual motion personified, and as capable a school manager as ever lived. The boys admire and respect "the Warden" enormously, and he has made Bradfield College one of the most efficient schools of the day.

What Mrs. Langtry's jewels are worth altogether, outside those few which are to be sold at Christie's to-day, no one but herself and her maid exactly know. Some years ago she had £40,000 worth, and they were all missed one day from the strong-room where they had been stored. Her manager was lurching with her that morning. When she sat down to table, she said, "I'm afraid I'm a little late. I've had an accident."

"What accident?" asked her guest. "I don't notice any signs of one." "All my jewels have been stolen," was the calm reply, "and I've only one pearl necklace left. However," added the actress

FULL FACE AND FULL LENGTH.



Russia finds that the appearance of Japan alters materially with the point of view.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

hurriedly, "don't let's fuss about it. Worrying won't bring them back." That was Mrs. Langtry all over. She never worries, and that is why she is still beautiful. It is also why she will not write the story of her life, for which she has been offered £20,000 by an American publisher. "It would worry me too much," she says, "and it might possibly worry other people, too."

Mr. Tom Robertson, the painter, has the laugh against the Royal Academy. He sent a landscape to Burlington House. It was rejected. "Not good enough for us," said the R.A. Then he sent it to the Paris Salon. It was hung in a good place. And now the French nation has bought it. Henceforth it will hang in the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris as a specimen of the finest art of the age. It would be interesting to hear what Sir Edward Poynter has to say.

Everyone who rides in the Park knows Lord Colchester by sight, and will be sorry to hear that he was thrown from his horse on Saturday and rather badly hurt. He is one of those amiable peers who are never heard of unless they meet with an accident or write a letter on some dull subject to the "Times." Yet he was reckoned a very clever young man at Oxford in the 'sixties, and, indeed, had a brilliant University career. Had he not been born noble he might have done something distinguished. As it is, he rides daily in the Row, and that is about all.

Many public men have been wrongly reported dead once, but M. Camille Saint-Saëns, whose opera "Hélène" is to be heard at Covent Garden to-

night, has made this experience several times. He used to make it a habit to disappear at intervals without leaving any address. Once, when he was wandering about unknown, he had a funny experience. He had played one evening at a small hotel, and so delighted the guests that the proprietor proposed to engage him for the season for his board and lodging and ten shillings a week. "Thank you very much," was the famous composer's reply, "but in Paris I can generally get a pound a week!"

Freemasonry has no stouter upholder than Lord George Hamilton, who laid a foundation-stone on Saturday with all the splendour of Masonic mummery. He is rather fond of dress and ornament, like many exceptionally good-looking men. Lord George was once reckoned among the handsomest men in London. Indeed, he was looked upon as the typical cavalry officer of the 'seventies. "Heaven help us, a Guardsman!" said a permanent Government official when he heard he had to work with him. And there is something of the Adonis about him still, so much so, indeed, that if women had votes he would probably keep the seat he has held so long at Ealing in spite of his anti-Chamberlain opinions.

A war correspondent going to the front with a Russian troop train a few weeks ago found that the favourite book with the soldiers was "Paradise Lost." Translations of Milton's epic are, it seems, immensely popular with the Tsar's subjects. When one of the men was asked why he liked it, he said it made him laugh and cry, and some of it "was like being in church." It is about the last book

A WOMAN OF THE HOUR.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

By M. EDMOND ROSTAND, the Famous French Poet.

"A cab drives rapidly up to a door; a woman swathed in heavy furs alights; she dashes through the crowd; she runs up winding stairs, rushes into a heated dressing-room; throws to one side the little be-ribboned bag of such varied contents, to another her hat with its ostrich plumes; she lets fall from her shoulders the heavy furs, and emerges, a flood of white silk; in a moment she is on the dark stage; she animates by her arrival all the pale figures who are yawning there; she goes, she comes, bringing life to everything she touches; she gets into the prompt box, she conducts the rehearsal, giving her fellow-actors her ideas as to gesture and intonation; she is dissatisfied; she springs to her feet, boils over with rage, and insists on repetition."

"She comes back to her dressing-room, where the decorators are waiting for orders; she takes a pair of scissors, cuts up and remodels their designs; looks, after that, as if further exertion is impossible; wipes her forehead with a piece of lace, is going to faint. Instead, she rushes up half a dozen flights of stairs into the costumer's apartment, and, before that staid official has time to recover breath, she is throwing stuff out of boxes, draping them, cutting them, turning them into costumes."

"She re-enters her dressing-room for dinner, sits down, looking death-like from fatigue, but talking of her projects all the time; she eats, Bohemian laughter emphasising every mouthful; has not time to finish. She begins to dress for the evening's performance, during which time her man of business talks of her affairs from behind a curtain."

"The performance over, she remains in the theatre to mature her plans until three o'clock in the morning; does not make up her mind to leave until she sees that all her folks have respectfully fallen asleep standing. She gets into her cab, draws her furs round her in rapture at the thought that she at last has a chance of lying down and resting; she bursts into laughter when she recollects that some friends are waiting for her at her house to read a piece, in five acts."

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Can Parents Give a Child Any Name They Like, or Is There Any Limit to Their Choice?

Legally there is no limit, so long as the name chosen is not obscene or blasphemous.

Nor has the clergyman any right to refuse to christen a child according to its parents' wish, though sometimes clergymen do refuse, as in the case just reported, where the name Port Arthur was objected to.

Roman Catholics must be called after Saints of their Church, so they cannot be given eccentric names, such as "Not-Wanted Smith" or "Wish-it-had-been-a-boy Brown," two famous examples of parental inhumanity.

In Switzerland a law has just been made to protect children from being handicapped at the start by misplaced humour or untimely sarcasm.

in the world one would imagine being popular among soldiers. I don't suppose Tommy Atkins is a whale on Milton.

The retirement from Parliament of Sir Thomas Dewar, M.P., at the end of the present session, will deprive the House of Commons of one of its most interesting "silent members." He does not often take part in debate. But the "whisky king" has very decided tastes and opinions (oddly enough a taste for whisky is not among them), and in the smoking-room he does not conceal them so carefully as in the Legislative Chamber. He has done much in his forty years of life besides making a fortune and learning to drive a motor-car indifferently well.

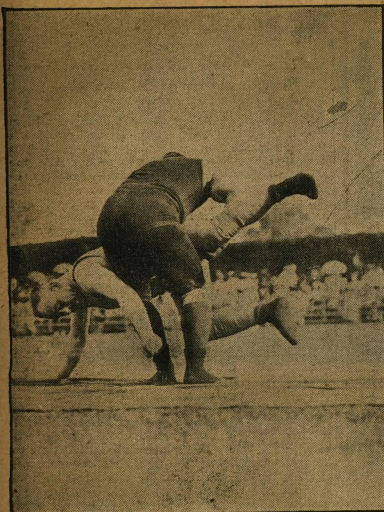
He has travelled all over the world, for instance, or into all parts of it, at any rate, where they understand what good whisky is. He has indulged in every kind of sport, and thinks there is no recreation for a busy man that can beat a day's shooting. He began to handle a gun at a very early age, and got into trouble for poaching before he was a dozen years old. When it was pointed out that he really didn't bag much game an indignant gamekeeper hurt his feelings by remarking: "It isn't what he shoots. It's what the little devil frightens away that I complain of."

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

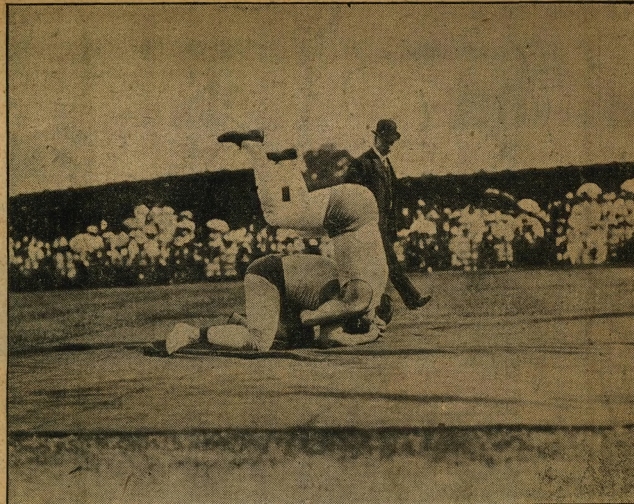
In Praise of Massage.

Rubbing can bind and loosen, can make flesh and cause parts to waste; hard rubbing binds, soft rubbing loosens; much rubbing causes parts to waste, moderate rubbing makes them grow. Hippocrates, the father of medical science (400-361 B.C.).

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE GREAT WRESTLING EXHIBITION AT HURLINGHAM ON SATURDAY.



Madrali, champion of Turkey, beats Pierri, champion of Greece.



George Baker, the 11st. champion of the British Navy, beats Bartoletti, the champion of Italy.



Siegfried, champion of Germany, draws Tom Cannon, ex-champion of England, in a bout of ten minutes.

THE WRESTLERS AT THE HURLINGHAM EXHIBITION.



The wrestlers who took part in the great exhibition of wrestling at Hurlingham on Saturday. The exhibition was one of the most noteworthy for some years, and was closely watched by a fashionable crowd. There were also two important polo matches.

ATHLETIC SPORTS ON SATURDAY.



J. B. Densham, winner of the 120 yards hurdle race Challenge Cup for the championship of the London Athletic Club at Stamford Bridge on Saturday.



L. F. Tremear, winning the 100 yards Challenge Cup of the L.A.C. Tremear, the hero, won a fine race by a foot in 10.2-sec.

WALTON-ON-THAMES REGATTA.



Thames Rowing Club v. Molesey, in the Walton Eights, at the Walton-on-Thames Regatta. Thames won the heat by half a length, and later won the final against Vesta by a foot, after a very severe race.

DOWIE ON HIS WAY TO ZION.



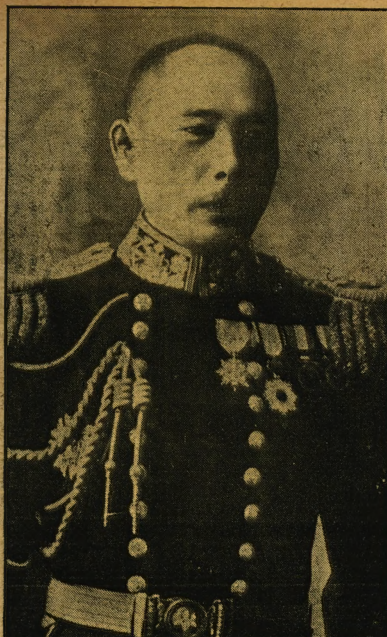
"Dr." Dowie and his party landing at Folkestone from the Boulogne boat. The "Profit" can be easily identified by his large white beard. He left Liverpool for New York on Saturday.

"DISPATCH" CHANNEL SWIMMER.



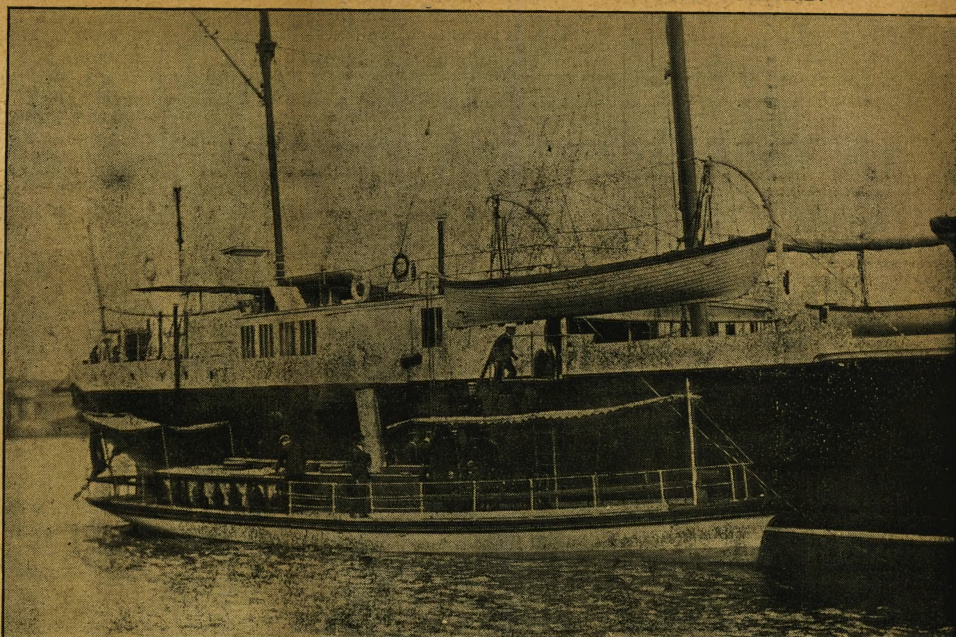
Mr. Jack Haggerty, selected by "Weekly Dispatch" for the Channel swim. An account of the interesting attempt will be found on another page. (Photograph by Campbell and Co.)

HUNTING THE VLADIVOSTOK FLEET



Vice-Admiral Kamimura, who is in command of the Japanese squadron pursuing the Russian Vladivostok fleet under Admiral Skrydloff.

CAPTAIN GUINNESS HOISTS HIS FLAG ON THE BUZZARD.



Captain Rupert Guinness, of the London Division of the Naval Volunteers, "taking over" his drill ship, the Buzzard, on Saturday. The proceedings were entirely devoid of ceremony. Stepping from a steam launch he had boarded at the Temple steps he went over the Buzzard's side, followed by Commander Hewitson, R.N., the officer-instructor, and several officers, each briefly reporting as he did so, "Come aboard, Sir."

PICTURES ON THE GORDON-BENNETT COURSE.



Thery, the winner of the Gordon-Bennett race for France, photographed at full speed during the last round.



The petrol fire, caused by the throwing down of a lighted match, which nearly destroyed Mr. Edge's car before the race.

RACE FOR THE KAISER'S CUP.



The International Yacht Race from Dover to Heligoland for the German Emperor's Cup. The yachts jockeying for position at the start.—(Photograph by the Graphic Engraving Co.)

HOW TO CURE THE LOAFER.



How the railway company at Kingston has broken up a gang of undesirable, who used to loaf against their premises at this spot. The worst loafers do not care to be seen resting against such a notice.

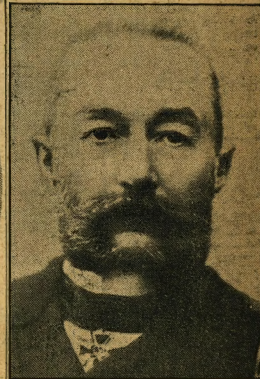
SATURDAY'S SOCIETY WEDDING.



Mr. William L. C. Walrond, son of Sir William Walrond, M.P., and Miss Lottie Coats, daughter of Mr. George Coats, of cotton fame, who were married on Saturday at St. Margaret's, Westminster. (Photographs by Green and Stuart, and Esmé Collings.)



DEFEATED GENERAL.



General Stackelberg, in command of the Russian army defeated at Wa-fang-kau in its attempt to relieve Port Arthur.

HOW TO MAKE EXCELLENT ICES AT HOME.

HOT WEATHER DELICACIES

ECONOMICAL MODE OF PROVIDING GOOD ICES.

In many families an ice is a luxury only to be indulged in occasionally. They either partake of one at a confectioner's now and then, or have a quart or so sent to their houses. Then, indeed, ices are not cheap. Why not make them at home? There are fewer difficulties in the way of making an ice than in baking a cake.

For about half a guinea upwards, according to the quantity of ice needed, freezing machines can be bought, or if a substitute is preferred a round tub and a milk can with a tight-fitting lid will provide one.

If you mean to turn out really good ices be sure to use only good cream, ripe fruit, or a good brand of tinned fruit. It is a great mistake to imagine that inferior ingredients will do for ices.

For the freezing mixture use two and a half pounds of common salt to each five pounds of ice.

STRAWBERRY CREAM ICE.

INGREDIENTS:—Either one pound of strawberries or a pound pot of jam (if the former, a quarter of a pound of caster sugar), half a pint of cream, one teaspoonful of lemon juice.

Look over and stalk the fruit and rub it through a hair sieve, and add the sugar and lemon juice to the sieved fruit. Whip the cream till it will just hang on the whisk, then stir it thoroughly into the fruit. If it is not a pretty pink add a few drops of cochineal.

The mixture is then ready. Next put it into the freezing pot. In most of the small ones the freezing mixture is put in at one end, and the mixture to be frozen at the other. If you are using a milk can and tub, the ice and salt would be put in the tub and the mixture in the milk can. In either case shut the lid down tightly and keep turning the handle of the freezer quickly, otherwise the thick part will settle. Every now and then open the pot, and, with a spatula or wooden paper knife, scrape from the sides all frozen portions, mixing them well in. Continue to do this till the whole of the mixture is evenly frozen through. Then pack the tin well with salt and ice, cover the whole with a blanket or piece of carpet, and leave it if possible for two hours. The flavour is then much improved. It should next be well beaten, and it is ready to serve.

Another favourite is

VANILLA ICE.

INGREDIENTS:—One and a half pints of milk, three ounces of loaf sugar, the yolks of four eggs and the white of one, vanilla, half a pint of cream.

This has a good custard for its foundation. If possible make the custard the day before you want the ice, as it should be as cold as possible. Put the milk and sugar on the fire to get hot. Beat together the yolks and white, and before the milk is quite boiling strain in the eggs. Stir the mixture and pour it into a jug. Place the jug in a pan of boiling water over the fire, and cook very carefully till the custard thickens. Watch it closely so that it does not boil. Let it get cold, then well flavour it with vanilla. Pour it into the can, shut the lid, place it in the tub of ice, and turn it about. Scrape the sides of the can occasionally till the mixture is half frozen, then add to it the whipped cream. Beat it well in, and continue the freezing, taking care to beat it till smooth before serving it.

LEMON-WATER ICE.

INGREDIENTS:—One pound of loaf sugar, one quart of water, three lemons, the whites of four eggs.

This is very refreshing, and is less expensive than either of the two preceding ones, as it does not contain either cream or custard.

Put the sugar (all but six lumps) and water in a pan on the fire, dissolve the sugar slowly, then boil it to a syrup thick enough to make a thread between the finger and thumb. Let this syrup get cold. Rub the six lumps of sugar over the outside of the three lemons to remove the "zest," as it is called, then add the lumps to the syrup. When the syrup is cold, add half a pint of strained lemon juice; then pour the mixture into the can, and half freeze it. Whip the whites of the four eggs stiffly, and add them to the half-frozen mixture, beating them well in. Lastly, freeze the mixture till it is required, beat it till smooth, and it is ready to serve.

Orange-water ice can be made by using oranges instead of lemons.

SUMMER VEILINGS.

The fashion of wearing a very fine tulle veil, preferably in the pale pink or flesh tints, beneath the regulation veil of chenille dotted net is one much practised by the Parisiennes, though on this side of the Channel it is not considered a necessity, since the natural complexion is clear and coloured. When a Frenchwoman wishes to wear a white veil spotted with brown she first of all puts on a pale pink tulle one to give her face a softening mask of colour.

The smart motor veil is gauged to a ring of silken wire, which is fastened to the top of the hat. The face is thus covered with the veil, which has the long ends crossed behind, and drawn scarf-wise round

the throat, to be knotted in the most becoming fashion under the chin.

With the other quaint, old fashions that have taken the centre of the stage of fashion the real lace veil has reappeared. Chantilly ranks a first favourite among the black meshes, and the preferred patterns are of the small and dainty rather than the large and elaborate designs. Seen at its best the real lace veil is closely pinned to the hat and left to drop in natural lines well over the curve of the shoulder, somewhat in the fashion of those "curtain" veils, once so highly thought of.

Over a large shepherdess shape of white crinolone straw trimmed with a simple flat wreath of white camellias, with the natural foliage, the festoon veil

HOT-WEATHER RAIMENT.

THE KILT SKIRT AND THE EMBROIDERED SHIRT.

One of the most fashionable skirts of the season for morning wear is the kilted linen one. Since the reign of the full skirt has been established it was inevitable that the great majority of women should adopt it, and one of the ways in which it is seen is the pleated way, very cleverly cut, and so arranged

ones in popularity. Each year the popularity of the shirt is doubted, but before the season is well started it assumes its old supremacy, and its variety increases tenfold. It fact, it has become an essential factor in every woman's wardrobe. The embroidered white linen and crash shirt, so popular this season, require skillful needlewomen, and experienced embroiderers are kept busy carrying out special designs for different customers. Russian cross-stitch and coarse Scandinavian embroideries are much employed for the trimmings of heavy linen and cotton blouses. Epaulets, a band down the front, and cuffs are the forms this embroidery takes upon the ordinary shirt, and black and white, blue and white, and contrasting shades of blue are the favourite colour schemes.

Heavy cushion embroidery is also fashionable, and in it Persian, Japanese, and Chinese effects are produced. Russian cross-stitch everyone knows. Shirts ready marked for embroiderers who like to make their own pretty clothes can now be bought. Hardanger embroidery, executed in Norway, is less commonplace than cross-stitch, and it and Swedish embroideries are as useful for the embellishment of table and bed linen as for dresses. But no one ever wearies of the cross-stitch patterns, which, for their very simplicity, are highly to be recommended.

BRUNETTES TRIUMPH.

A SPLENDID PHYSIQUE MEANS A SOPRANO VOICE.

According to a well-known theatrical manager blondes are diminishing, and yet, strange as it may seem, there are fewer and fewer girls with contralto voices. "Of course, chemicals and hair dyes may be partly responsible for this decadence of the light-haired girl," said the old manager. "We are not supposed to inquire into such matters."

"But chemicals and all the hair dye in the world cannot account for the almost total disappearance of the girl with the contralto voice. Strange to say, she has become rarer and rarer during the last few years, until now the hardest part of engaging a comic opera company is to get enough contraltos. I cannot account for it, and have been unable to find anyone who can."

"With the development of the modern girl from the weak, small-chested individual of some years ago to the athletic, broad-shouldered beauty of the present, you would naturally think that deep voices would also have been engendered in the process; for, rightly or wrongly, we generally associate strength with depth of voice. In the case of a man, you know, it is usually the big athletic fellow who has the bass voice. In the case of the girls, however, this rule does not seem to follow at all, and the finer the woman's physique the greater the likelihood of her being a soprano."

Your Hotel

will serve

Grape-Nuts

if you ask

Order the food served dry
and with cream to pour
over it

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ICILMA FLUOR CREAM, Nature's harmless complexion tonic, immediately restores the delicate pearly hues, and prevents the skin from becoming shiny when warm. Deliciously perfumed. Cools and cleanses. Bottles or tubes 1s. Send 2d. stamps for two samples (different scents)—Icilmia (Dept. B), 142, Gray's Inn-rd., London, W.C.

ANGELA

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HATS . . . 1 to 3 Guineas.

BLOUSES . 2 to 5 Guineas.

COSTUMES 5 to 15 Guineas.

Catalogues & Self-measurement Forms post free.

The hats, especially sketched by Miss Hoare for the "Mirror," and shown above, are exact copies of 1927 models, and yet they are the most fashionable of all fashionable millinery modes again now, for as will be perceived the "front," or "cap," figures in them, beneath the shady brim, and it is just this front that is in the first rank of fashion to-day. The milliners have, in point of fact, only just introduced it as a finish to their Leghorn and chip models. The Directorate hat at the top is trimmed with amber and cherry-coloured ribbon, and the Early Victorian one beneath with blue taffetas and a shaded blue Paradise plume.

is loosely draped. They run from half to three-quarters of a yard in depth, and the pattern, which meanders round the three sides, has the back corners rounded off. Many fancy pins are used to fasten the veil securely to the hat, and the most modish take the form of flowers and summer insects.

as to finish in a tapering point below the hips. Of course, every woman must look as slender as she possibly can if she is to be dressed according to the present modes; to accomplish which end the pleats of kilted skirts are stitched flat almost to the knees. Box pleats, set very close together, rival kilted

The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XVII. (continued.)

"I want to ask you to be my wife," Lord Holford repeated the words slowly, leaning a little forward, the better to observe Beatrix.

"You want me to be your wife," she answered, turning slightly pale. "Have you reflected that only a few weeks ago I was engaged to be married to another man? There was some bitterness in her tone.

"That engagement," she smiled softly, his own quiet smile. "Oh, we won't discuss that, Miss Chevenix; it was a mere experiment, wasn't it?"

Her eyes flashed dangerously. "I loved the man," she said coldly. "Do you understand, I loved John Heron."

"For a few days," he laughed, "I am not of a jealous disposition, but don't talk of John Heron, Beatrix; he ventured on her Christian name with some diffidence. Let us talk about ourselves; you will marry me?"

"I don't know." She leaned her chin on her two hands and regarded him steadily. "I am sure I cannot say; ambition points that way, of course, and I am ambitious, but I do not love you, you understand that?"

"Quite, I am not so romantic as to expect it, but we are fond of each other, you and I, in our own way, and we have a great deal in common. I think we should be quite happy, for I should certainly be very proud of my wife, very proud." He spoke with some feeling, and as Beatrix looked at his bright, eager eyes and neat figure she realised that she might possibly have grown to care for him had it not been for John Heron, but as it was—still, she forced herself to recognise that it was to her worldly advantage to marry Lord Holford, and she had been frank with him and told him the truth.

"A loveless marriage it would be," she repeated quietly, "and old-fashioned people would say we deserved to be unhappy all our lives, and that we were acting wickedly. Let us leave the matter alone for a while; and then, a year hence, if you are still of the same mind, we will discuss the matter. She smiled at him, and half rose from her chair. How different the calm matter-of-fact proposal from the way in which John Heron had wooed her; her blood tingled at the mere memory of that past hour, and she still seemed to hear the wail of the gipsy dance. She began to understand, in a dim, hopeless sort of fashion, that it would sound in her ears till she died. All at once she noticed that Lord Holford was speaking.

"Give me your answer in a week, and our marriage would not be a loveless one, on my side, I can assure you. I am not a demonstrative sort of person, but I have cared for you for a long time, Beatrix, and I think I understand your nature; he spoke with an odd blending of affection and precision, one crossed over the other, his gaze fixed on the girl's face. She grew restless under his scrutiny, and moved her chair up and down in rocking fashion.

"Well, in a week perhaps, a week instead of a year," she pushed a heavy wave of hair back a little wearily, "but I don't know in the least what my answer will be. I expect I shall change my mind a dozen times a day."

"I'll run the risk," he retorted, "and you will be very happy after we have settled quietly down, I think I can promise you that. You were created to play a big part—shall we revive the lost glories of the political salon? Will you be a second Lady Palmerston? The party needs a great hostess, and it lies in your power to become the most brilliant woman of your age."

"One must accept destiny in a cheerful spirit, I suppose," she added, with a slight sigh, rising from her chair as she spoke. "Well, good-night, now; or, rather, good-morning. In a week's time you shall have my answer—that is, if you care to wait a week?"

"If I care to wait a week?" He detained her hand in his own. "There was a certain man called Jacob, who waited so many years for a damsel, just a mere black-eyed Rebecca, and you, you are Beatrix Chevenix."

The dawn was streaking red in the sky as Beatrix drove home with the Premier. It was very quiet driving through the squares, but afar, in the distance, could be heard the hum of the great working world, and every now and then the heavy rumble of a passing market cart.

Robert Chevenix glanced at Beatrix approvingly as she sat up erect in the carriage, her lap covered with the cotton favours. Lord Holford had given his hand a slight pressure as they parted, and the two men had exchanged looks whilst Beatrix entered the brougham, so the Premier guessed what had happened.

"I suppose you intend to marry him, Trix?" he asked, after they had driven part of the way in silence. "You are wise in your generation."

The girl did not attempt to misunderstand Robert Chevenix, for she knew quite well to whom he was referring.

"I suppose so," she answered, a little wearily, and leaning back against the seat and half closing her eyes.

"You will make an admirable countess," Robert Chevenix smiled. He had always been ambitious for Beatrix, and he was delighted with her decision. He had suffered from worries of his own that had occupied his thoughts during the last few hours, purely personal worries; but he put them from him now, and he turned to Beatrix and

took her hand in his. "I am sure you have made a wise choice," he said slowly. "Lord Holford is a very charming man, and your future position will be all that I could desire. When will the engagement be made public?"

"I shall accept him formally at the end of a week," she answered slowly; "let the affair rest till then, father."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Double Triumph.

"I wish it was over," thought John Heron to himself, as he stood on a raised platform, facing the crowd who had thronged into the large school-room to hear his first speech in the district, and to be critical of the man who aspired to be their representative, the member for West Hambleton.

"A strange crowd," he muttered, as his quick eye recognised the varied types of which it was composed. He noticed the predominance of the factory class—the women pale and careworn, with thin faces and marred fingers, who work at home under the goad of the sweeter; pricking sore hands with the damning needle that can never stitch fast enough. He had an eye to the "pressers" and machinists, the rough, half-grown lads, the herd of pale, nervous-looking aliens, the English "slop" tailors, to all the motley crew, even to the group of well-dressed folk at the back, members of his own party, who had come to hear what the new man could say for himself, and to give him support, had brought with them wives and daughters.

The place was crowded, the atmosphere was steaming, and he recognised that the tone of the audience was distinctly apathetic. They were a rough, brutal lot, men and women who had suffered so much at the hands of the oppressor that they regarded with hate and suspicion all men who were well-fed, well-dressed, and prosperous-looking.

The other candidate was the popular favourite. He was one of themselves, a rough and ready labour member. A harsh-featured, beetle-browed man who had been born in a common lodging-house, and had for years sweated at the mills before he discovered his natural gifts of oratory. He was a clever and forcible speaker, wholly inaccurate about his facts as a whole, and blind and intolerant and rabidly extreme. He cursed the rich by all his gods, and extolled the virtues of the poor with a never-ceasing insistence. He was a Socialist and a free thinker—a man pitted against all laws and morals, ready enough to destroy, but vague indeed in his own mind as to the methods of building up. Against empire making at all price, limited in his views, only able to see the claims of one portion of the community, he could face a working-class meeting like a lion. They called him "Our Bill" down at West Hambleton, and the women were madly in his favour.

A dirty, sluttish creature had cursed Heron as he reached the Board school, whilst she shrieked out for cheers for "Bill," and to the wild yelling of the hostile crowd outside, he had entered his own ground, to be met by chilly silence and the glare of cold, critical eyes, or the sullen stare of indifference. He had been compelled to force his way in by the help of the police, and, with the little knot of supporters who accompanied him, he had been jeered at and hustled. Yet, as he surveyed the silent rows of men and women, he felt he would rather have addressed the rough mob outside than these cold, apathetic creatures who flanked him upon the platform.

The proletariat had come to hear him because they were hopeless. They had lost, in a measure, belief in "Our Bill," but it lay upon them that no one could really help them or make their conditions of life easier, for were they not born to misery, to hard work and no play? And the men who told them otherwise were liars, for each party made promises at election time which neither intended to perform; best vote for the man who promised least; surely that would mean less heart-burning and disappointment in the end.

Apathetic misery, hopeless savagery, and a sullen bowing of the head to destiny, that represented their turn of mind, and whilst they were aware that they were yet too limp to display much feeling, and their aggressiveness extended to all the world. Yes, even to Bill, the Socialist, the "poor man's friend"—and, incidentally, very much his own friend—Bill, who was well paid, and who fed on the fat of the land; and to John Heron, who wore good clothes and spoke with a refined accent.

Robert Chevenix and his party stood out frankly for Church and State, birth and wealth, Imperialism and the duties of Empire, and were against unions and strikes, and down on free trade—a strong body of men, honestly hopeful about raising the tone of their age and helping the world's workers to help themselves.

They believed that there must always be the two distinct ranks of rich and poor, but they held that poverty should be made a comfortable condition. To each working man food and drink, a comfortable roof overhead, decent clothes, and his share of relaxation and amusement, a nurse and shelter for the sick man, comfortable provision for the aged, a good upbringing for the children, and for the loafer and vagabond prison fare and the prison cell.

They were doing their best to bring this about, for they had a new Act under discussion, intended to reduce the profit of the middleman and to bring a more fair understanding between employer and employed. John Heron was sworn to the new

Act, and was to speak in its favour to-night—he took his stand behind it; this Act, once passed, would do more to stamp out sweating than all the Socialist theories under the sun, according to his view and that of his party. It would break down the hedge between capital and labour.

He loved the people, and he desired to help them abundantly. That was the thought that swept across John Heron's mind as he rose and faced the blank sea of faces. He was sorry for them with a mighty sorrow, for their dull misery hurt him, and the greyness of their toiling lives appealed to his sympathies. It would be impossible to give them mansions in Park-lane and the luxuries of the rich, but each man amongst them had a right to the necessities of life and to his fair share of happiness. Now to show them that this could be got without upsetting lands and thrones and crowning anarchy in the market-place; now to teach them the necessity of the rich man's existence, and the part he had to play in the distribution of wealth and capital. What a task it was, and yet what a splendid and beneficent task; and it was his to put it before them with burning words.

As one in a dream he heard the short speeches which preluded his. The Hon. Irvin North, one of the best men of the party, said a few words, but evoked no enthusiasm, and then, in a few neat phrases, the chairman introduced John Heron—John Heron, the People. That was what the introduction seemed to the young man as he stepped forward; he had been presented to the People—he was on his trial. He was ready to be their Champion and Knight if they would only recognise him and accept him; he would dedicate his life to them, but they might not understand the spirit in which he came. They might deaden their ears and their hearts.

He began to speak, very slowly at first, in a painfully slow way, and he paused between the sentences and consulted some notes, but his voice could be heard to the extreme end of the crowded room, and there was not a trace of nervousness in tone or manner.

"He's holding himself in," whispered Beatrix Chevenix, from her seat on one of the back benches, and addressing Amy Blandford. "Wait; he will make a speech to-night that will ring through England to-morrow, or I am no judge."

Mrs. Blandford glanced at the girl with some

surprise. She looked pale even through her thick lace veil, but her eyes were glittering like stars on a frosty night, and Amy noticed how tightly the thin hands were clenched together.

Mrs. Blandford forced herself to smile and to appear interested in the speech, but she had thoughts of her own to occupy her mind. She had discovered Colonel Grimwood on the platform, and she wondered whether he would recognise her so far off. Her heart began to beat furiously as she listened to what the speaker was saying, but the words were to her but a meaningless bubble of mere sound.

Suddenly, a slow, dull roar ran round the room, the crunch of heavy feet hammering the floor, the clapping of hard, toil-worn hands, for some chance word had gone home to the audience, and they rose to it. John Heron came close to the edge of the platform and smiled at his audience, the mist, the atmosphere between him and themselves was beginning to vanish. They were no longer tired machines; they were men and women whom he had galvanised into life.

He talked to the audience freely and naturally, throwing aside stilted phrases and fine reservations, abandoning himself in a torrent of words, touching their hearts and minds in vivid flashes of fire. He used their own arguments, their own thoughts, and then showed them how to better them, never wholly letting himself go, always holding a strong argument in reserve, and the well he drew from seemed inexhaustible.

The speech was over. The room rocked, men cheered, the scene was one of triumph. John Heron stood up, smiling gravely, to shake hands with the men and women who thronged round him, but he started a little as a slight, well-known form came forward, and Beatrix Chevenix flung up her veil.

"Take me back to your heart, John," she whispered in low tones, "for you are the only man on earth for me, and I have found the out to-night." Before John Heron could make reply she had moved on, but the young man noticed that she did not leave the hall, but sat down on a bench near the door, and his eyes shone with bright triumph, and the lines of the Psalmist came to his mind:—

"Thou hast given him his heart's desire
And hast not denied him the request of his lips."

(To be continued to-morrow.)

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AT
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TOP.
BEECHAM'S
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and so really enjoy life. Now follow this advice! Will
you?

BEECHAM'S PILLS are sold everywhere in boxes, 1s. 1½d. (56
Pills) and 2s. 9d. (168 Pills), each with full directions.

Prepared only by the Proprietor, **THOMAS BEECHAM**, St. Helens, Lancashire.

"WAR DINNERS" IN THE WEST END.

Society Adopts Russian and Japanese Methods in Cooking and Eating.

Fashionable society has invented a new craze, in the shape of "war dinners," served in the latest styles of Russian or Japanese cooking, and cooked in the methods adopted in those countries.

From a gastronomical point of view, the Russian dinner is perhaps the more successful, as the Japanese cooks serve up some weird dishes which at ordinary times would be left uncaten by a European. Fashion is, however, a taskmaster, not a servant, and fashion decrees that these dishes must now be taken.

The "war dinners" are somewhat expensive to give. Some of the food has to be specially im-

ported, while very few houses have the chinaware necessary for the Oriental dinner.

It is also necessary to requisition the services of a Russian or a Japanese cook.

Russian food is familiar to the palates of many Englishmen. It is highly spiced and very often exceedingly tart, but a genuine taste for it is speedily acquired.

Zakuski, the Russian term for "hors d'œuvres," as a rule consists of dainty rolls with caviare or salmon or any other delicacy which might be served by a French chef. With the Zakuski is drunk neat Vodka, which is the Russian national brandy.

Russian soups are delightful. Borschtch, made from ordinary meat stock prepared with beetroot and cream, is a triumph of the culinary art. Another national soup is Schtchy, made from cabbage, which is rather sour to the ordinary taste, but is, nevertheless, very delicious. Tomato soup—"Zoupah pomedorovah"—prepared with cream, is also exceedingly popular at a Russian dinner.

After the soup, the meat from which the stock is

made is eaten with horse-radish prepared with vinegar—Kszahn.

Then follow Pwroskec—small pies made with minced meat highly spiced. The rest of the dinner—fowls, joints, and sweets—is very much like a French meal.

IMITATING THE JAPANESE.

A Japanese dinner is an extraordinary affair. It is not very appetising at first to European palates, but the novelty of it is said to be very fascinating.

The initial diversion is that the guests sit on the floor, and all the dishes are served up at the same time in small bowls on a tray with four short legs. London diners, too, find it very amusing struggling with chopsticks. The following are a few passable Japanese dishes:—

Suyemono—Clear soup, made of chicken and grain.

Teriyaki—Grilled salmon with boiled spinach.

Misoshiru—Salt bean soup.

Other dishes, made perhaps of minced raw fish, are more difficult to enjoy. Rice, of course, is the chief element of a Jap dinner. A bowl of this grain boiled is placed on every tray.

During the first few dishes Saki, a sort of Japanese brandy made from rice, should be drunk, and afterwards green tea, without milk or sugar.

LONDON'S LATEST.

Hotels Instead of Homes the Scene of Beauty's Gatherings.

The hotel is the thing. At last it has reached its proper level, and in consequence "mine host" is a happy man.

Now that an English Duchess has set the pace it will be perfectly proper to save one's own home, and hold all the necessary balls, receptions, and dinners at Claridge's or the Savoy.

For years the wealthy provincial visitor has entertained his London friends at his hotel—and he said the guests have been more than impressed with the comfort, the attention, and absolute lack of worry. Hence nowadays are too "comfy" to be upset by a large number of visitors, and so it is that the hotel is the thing—or should I say "the place"?

AT CLARIDGE'S.

The Duchess of Hamilton gave a dinner and ball at Claridge's, which was one of the most brilliant events of the present London season.

Princess Hatzfeldt is also one of the leading entertainers at dinner at Claridge's.

The ball given by Mrs. Ross-Winans to 400 guests was perfectly arranged, and the fact that all of the guests supped at the same time without inconvenience, speaks volumes for the resources of the management of the hotel.

The Duchess of Wellington and the Duchess of Roxburghe have lately been entertaining very distinguished parties.

Mr. Arnold-Forster, Secretary of State for War, is giving his official banquet in celebration of his Majesty's birthday on June 24 at Claridge's.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is amongst the most prominent of Americans entertaining this season at Claridge's, whose parties are renowned for their elegance and social distinction.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and wife were luncheon at Claridge's on the 15th.

THE SAVOY HOTEL.

All London is flocking to see the magnificent improvements and elegant suites lately installed at the Savoy.

The beautiful Victoria Rooms, which are devoted entirely to banquets and balls, have been greatly appreciated.

Hon. Wilfrid Egerton, previous to departure for South Africa, was entertained at Savoy at a dance which was attended by all fashionable London, who wished to bear testimony to his great popularity.

The Pilgrims' Club recently entertained Hon. Seth Low (ex-Mayor, New York) at luncheon.

Mr. E. D. Stern, High Sheriff of Surrey, gave a magnificent banquet to Prince Christian and magistrates of Surrey recently.

On Saturday a banquet was given by the Pilgrims' Club to Lord Roberts, with Ambassador Choate presiding.

A dinner in aid of the Royal Waterloo Hospital will take place to-day in the Victoria Rooms of the Savoy Hotel, under the presidency of the Duke of Argyll.

Mrs. D'Oyly Carte will give a small dance in the Victoria Rooms to-morrow.

A grand ball (with cotillon) in aid of the St. Moritz Fund, under the patronage of the Princess of Wales and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, will be held on Wednesday, the 22nd inst., in the Victoria Rooms of the Savoy Hotel.

On the 23rd, in the Victoria Rooms, will be held a ball in aid of the funds of the London Hospital; and on Friday the trustees and managers of the London Stock Exchange will hold their annual dinner.

The dinner of the Cornish Club will be held in the Victoria Rooms of the Savoy Hotel on Friday, the 24th inst.

Mrs. C. Arthur Pearson will give a dinner and ball in the Victoria Rooms of the Savoy Hotel on Monday, the 27th inst.

Mr. George Wilson, vice-president of the Equitable Life Insurance Company of U.S., will give a dinner in the Victoria Rooms of the Savoy Hotel on Tuesday, the 28th inst., to meet Mr. James Hazen Hyde, of New York.



Meals cooked in Japanese fashion is the latest amusement in London. Guests sit on the floor and try to enjoy Japanese food—not always an easy matter.

FRENCH FARE FOR PLAYGOERS.

Companies from Paris Appear at the Avenue Theatre.

So far as the people who praise French plays are concerned, "Antoinette Sabrier," which opened the French season at the Avenue on Saturday, is just the kind of thing they praise. It is by M. Romani Coolus, an ultra-modern Parisian dramatist, and represents the latest achievement in that line.

One learns, for instance, the wondrous, absorbing fact that the mathematics—or rather the elementary arithmetic—of sex, as studied in Paris, has advanced.

It used to be a case of "two and one make three." Now it is "three and one make four." Antoinette Sabrier, in fact, while being married to M. Sabrier, confides her passion to one lover, Doreuil, and contemplates running off with another, René Dangene.

The ultimate and usual problem, as to who is to shoot whom, is solved by the husband shooting himself; and the piece carries an incidental message (of more meaning, happily, to Paris than to London) to the effect that childlessness is to be considered an excuse for infidelity.

Such as prefer this kind of thing to a summer evening up the river or a week-end at the seaside professed themselves highly entertained.

A little piece on the other hand, which was played at the conclusion of the evening, and is called "Les Coteaux du Médoc," proved a very different matter. M. Tarride, the "star" of the occasion, and Mlle. Martha Regnier played respectively a gentleman and lady who are accidentally "switched" on to one another at the telephone.

This little dialogue, which is quite bright and witty, is the work of M. Tristan Bernard, and it is pleasant to know that the English rights have been secured by Mr. Bourchier. It should easily succeed in ousting that gruesome experiment, "Heard at the Telephone," as prize telephone-ville.

SEASICKNESS SCARE.

Doctors Say the Only Safeguard Is to Eat Heartily.

"Death from heart-failure, probably brought on by seasickness." Such was the unusual verdict at a Douglas inquest on the body of a tourist who died during a stormy passage across the Irish Channel.

At this period of the year seasickness is a real terror to numbers of the holiday makers, and until the fortune which awaits the inventor of a sure cure for seasickness is claimed, sea trips will always be fraught with a certain amount of risk to persons with delicate constitutions.

Discussing seasickness with a *Mirror* representative, a well-known doctor yesterday said: "Seasickness with some people is a very serious complaint for which, in spite of the many so-called remedies and preventatives, it is impossible to successfully prescribe.

"A lady patient who frequently crosses the Atlantic is always in the worst throes of seasickness before the open sea is reached. The reason of this is that she is so impressed with the idea that she is going to be sick that she makes no fight against it.

"The only advice I can give the victims of seasickness is 'Take it standing up. Go on deck; keep in the open air, and eat as much as possible, for it is to those persons who are attacked while their stomachs are empty that it is most dangerous."

BALLOON STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

A captive military balloon, which was being used at the manoeuvre ground on the Sienne Plain, in Westphalia, was struck by lightning on Saturday, and exploded.

Two non-commissioned officers and a private who were in charge of the balloon were seriously injured.—Reuter.

POPE BLESSES BLUEJACKETS.

Pleasing Speech to British Tars by His Holiness.

British flags were waving in the principal streets of Rome on Saturday. They were hoisted in honour of the visit of 230 British bluejackets from the Mediterranean fleet to the Pope.

That so large a body should be marching through the capital of a friendly power was in itself remarkable. Even more so was the accidental meeting with King Victor Emmanuel, surrounded by cuirassiers, returning from opening a museum.

The terms of the Pope's speech further emphasised the new spirit which animates the Vatican.

His Holiness said: "I thank your illustrious Admiral and all your superiors for having allowed you to come here, thus procuring for me the pleasure of seeing and blessing so many of my good children.

"I offer every prayer to the Almighty for the prosperity and long life of your august Sovereign and for the British Royal Family, and also for your wise Government, to which I owe my thanks for having granted you Roman Catholic chaplains, and also for the protection it extends to the interests of Roman Catholic missionaries.

"Moreover, I invoke all the blessings of Heaven upon you among the many dangers in which you live, wishing you may never come to any harm, but be always victorious."

Mass was heard by the party in the St. Gregory's Chapel, celebrated by Father Bellasi and served by a petty officer and a seaman.

The Pope gave each man his hand to kiss and presented each with a medal.

Luncheon was provided for the party by the ladies of the British Colony, including Lady Herbert, the Marchioness McSwenny, and Miss Benny.

All the Italian papers comment on the Italian King's courteous attention to the seamen when meeting them.

CHANNEL SWIMMER CHOSEN.

Jack Haggerty Selected by
the "W.D." from Among
Thousands.

POPULAR CANDIDATE.

Mr. Jack Haggerty, the well-known professional swimmer, has been appointed by the proprietors of the "Weekly Dispatch" to swim the English Channel.

Altogether there were 3,768 applications from people who were confident of their ability to succeed in what is perhaps one of the most formidable tasks ever undertaken by a swimmer, and the great difficulty experienced by the selectors in making a final choice will therefore be easily recognised.

Quite one half of the applications were from well-known long-distance swimmers whose records prove them to be men quite capable, given ordinary luck, of emulating Captain Webb. The greatest surprise of all is the immense number of famous athletes who entered the competition in the hope of being selected.

Popular Selection.

In appointing Mr. Haggerty for the task, the proprietors believe they have made a popular selection, and one which will meet with the approval, not only of the general public, but of the competitors themselves, however disappointed they may be.

From his past achievements there is every indication that Haggerty is the man. His physique is all in his favour, he is not too weighty, nor too light. Roughly, he turns the scale at 11st., and his height is about 5ft. 6in.

All over the swimming world he is known as one of England's fastest swimmers, and his powers of endurance are sufficiently well known to ensure him the support of all English sportsmen.

There is an old saying that confidence is half the battle. If this can be taken literally, Haggerty is already half way across the Channel. He has no doubt whatever that, providing he has the tides, the weather, and the temperature in his favour, he will succeed.

A Great Event.

Many telegrams and letters congratulating the "Weekly Dispatch" upon the choice have been received, and even at this early stage it is quite evident that the great Channel swim of 1904 will arouse more enthusiasm than any similar event of recent years.

Haggerty was born at Stalybridge in 1862, and is therefore precisely the same age as Holbein, who has latterly done so much to keep up the general interest in swimming as a national pastime. Some of Haggerty's principal achievements were published in yesterday's "Weekly Dispatch," and the record clearly shows that he is right among the first class of English swimmers.

He commenced his public career when he was ten years of age, and his first great performance was to win the boys' championship of his native town. Fifteen years later he retired champion swimmer of England, while last year, at Cape Town, he established himself champion of South Africa by defeating Dick Kennedy, formerly champion of Australia.

In all, Haggerty has won some 350 prizes and medals, and, to use his own words, if he succeeds in swimming the Channel, it will be the gold medal of his career.

LOAFERS TAKE OFFENCE.

Notice Which Has Annoyed Kingston
"Sons of Rest."

The old town of Kingston-on-Thames is famous for the numbers of its inhabitants who suffer from that "tired feeling."

The "Sons of Continuous Rest" have an important branch there, and its members are all past-masters in the art of skilfully evading work or even the appearance of labour in any form.

The energetic railway employees became weary of seeing the "Weary Wilkes" of the town continually leaning against the station wall and yawning in the morning sunlight.

They could not take away the wall, but as a remedy the words "Sick, Lame, and Lazy" were written, in large, bold, white letters along its surface.

When the "Sons of Rest" saw what had been done they became very indignant, and took up another position against the station gates.

Kingston, although only twelve miles from London, is a "sleepy hollow." The inhabitants do not even know where they live, but simply go home by instinct. Very few of the streets are named, because the people know them all by sight.

A *Mirror* representative, who recently went there on business, wanted to use a telephone, and asked sixteen persons in the street where there was a "call office." Not one of them knew.

WEEK OF CENTURIES.

Twenty-six Batsmen Score
Individual Hundreds.

No less than twenty-six individual hundreds were hit in first-class cricket during last week—some of them highly meritorious.

In many cases they came when they were badly wanted, and were examples of rare nerve and pluck, and made under circumstances much more difficult than when everything is going well for a side.

The century that actually won a match and pulled off a furlong hope was made by Cadman for Derbyshire against Essex on Friday. Derby had been dismissed in their first innings for 125, and Essex had scored 247.

When Cadman went in to bat in the Derby second innings Derby had lost four wickets for 87 runs. He made 125 out of a total by his side of 349. Wanting 228 runs to win Essex were dismissed for 188, and thus Cadman's innings gave his side the victory.

Curate's Big Score.

Another interesting century was made in the Essex-Derby match. The Rev. F. H. Gillingham, a Leyton curate, playing for Essex for the first time this season, hit up 100.

The feature of the week's cricket has undoubtedly been the scoring of Iremonger, the Notts batsman and international footballer. Against Middlesex he carried his bat through the innings and made 189, and against Kent he scored 272, a total of 461 in the week for once out. Altogether he was batting twelve hours.

C. B. Fry, who heads the averages, played two more three-figure innings last week. He has now made five this season. Against Yorkshire he made 177, and against Lancashire 105 not out. The latter innings saved Sussex from defeat. Fry, it will be noticed, does not choose the weakest counties to make hundreds against—all bowling is alike to him.

Against Surrey three Essex batsmen—Carpenter, McGeahy, and Sewell—all ran into three figures in the same innings, and Essex won easily.

F. S. Jackson played a great 110 against Sussex in the Yorkshire second innings, and went a long way towards saving his county.

Bowler Turns Batsman.

Rhodes, the famous Yorkshire bowler, has always been a fine, fearless batsman, but, with the wealth of batting talent at his disposal, Lord Hawke has wisely repressed his proclivities in this line. Now that his bowling has fallen away he will probably become a great batsman—at any rate, he has an average of over 50 this season.

Another very meritorious performance was that of Cuttell, who saved Lancashire from defeat at the hands of Warwickshire, when the probable champions looked like meeting with disaster for the first time this season.

H. K. Foster, the famous old Malvern boy, scored centuries for Worcester against both Oxford University and Yorkshire. He is another man who takes all kinds of bowling as it comes.

There were a number of other brilliant performances with the bat last week, the other men running into three figures being: Kinnier (Warwick), Marsh (Cambridge), Ranjitsingh (Sussex), Knight (Leicester), King (Leicester), Hayward (Surrey), Sharp (Lancs), and L. J. Tancred (South Africans).

TO BENEFIT ITALIAN TOURISTS.

Tourists to Italy will be pleased to hear that the Italian Minister of the Interior has arranged to have tourists' baggage examined at Chiasso and Modane on the train.

Owing to the continuance of luggage robberies on the Italian railways, the question of sending soldiers in the registered baggage cars of the express trains is being considered. Mr. William Le Queux, who has spent many years in Italy, suggests that the passengers would willingly pay an insurance tax of 1 franc (10d.) per registered packet, and this would pay the cost of the soldiers.

The favourite method of looting luggage is to cut out the bottom of the trunks and take out the contents.

The only safe plan is to fasten cords round the trunk or portmanteau and seal them with leaden seals. If these are broken by robbers the railway company can be sued for the value of the lost articles.

LACK OF DOCK ROOM.

Owing to the lack of accommodation in the Southampton and London Docks five P. and O. transports, including the new tourist steamer Vectis, are laying in the Thames estuary off South-end Pier.

The Union-Castle Company have eleven steamers lying up in Southampton, and they take up all the available space.

Nothing has been done yet with regard to the Port of London improvement.

PLAGUE IN THE TRANSVAAL.

JOHANNESBURG, Saturday.

The plague returns up to date show that twenty-seven whites and 118 coloured persons have contracted the disease, which has proved fatal in the case of thirteen whites and eighty-one coloured persons.—Reuter.

THE "DAILY MIRROR" 7/6 Fountain Pen for 2/6

READ WHAT THE
BUYERS SAY OF THEM.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

From the Head Teacher, Turin-street School, Bethnal Green,
June 8th, 1904.

I am delighted with my pen and so are all my staff, who were waiting to see what it was like. I enclose P.O.'s for £1 6s. 3d.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) F. R. BARNES.

From Mrs. HOWARD, Reigate,
June 10th, 1904.

I am very pleased with my pen and enclose Postal Orders for another three (including coupons).

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Pen safely to hand. Am very pleased with its smoothness. Seems quite up to the 10s. 6d. standard.

ARTHUR BLAKE.



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Are always ready. No trouble.

TAKE ONE AWAY WHEN ON YOUR HOLIDAYS.



Paragon House Hotel, Ramsgate,
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The Manager.
Sir,—I am so pleased with the Fountain Pen received quite safely to-night that I am enclosing coupons and Postal Orders for two more.
They are just the things we give for Bagatelle, Ping Pong, or even Progressive Whist Tournaments.
Yours truly, (Signed) S. M. ROSE.

30, Donnington Road, Reading,
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Dear Sirs,—I am exceedingly pleased with the Fountain Pen so promptly sent me, and shall be glad if you will forward me two others for which I enclose Postal Orders.

Yours truly,

E. C. ASCOTT.

Every person should have one of these

FOUNTAIN PENS,

which are fitted with Twin Feed and 14ct. Plated Nib, finest Vulcanite Holders, exquisitely chased; all neatly packed in box with glass and rubber ink-filler. Send Sixpence more if you wish a

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<p>The "DAILY MIRROR" FOUNTAIN PEN in 3 sizes of Pen Nibs, FINE, MEDIUM, BROAD.</p> <p>State Plainly on Coupon which style you prefer.</p>	<p>CUT OUT THIS COUPON, fill in, and post to PEN DEPARTMENT, The "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.</p> <p>I enclose P.O. for 2s. 7½d., for which please send "D.M." Fountain Pen to NAME.....</p> <p>ADDRESS.....</p> <p>NIB.....</p>
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You may purchase the Pen at the West End Office for Small Advertisements of the "Daily Mirror" 45, New Bond Street, W.

THREE CENTURIES.

MacLaren, Spooner, and Fry All Score Hundreds at Manchester on Saturday.

SUSSEX SAVE THE GAME.

With the wicket unaffected by the overnight rain, Lancashire had very little chance of beating Sussex at Old Trafford on Saturday. Still, MacLaren and Spooner did all that was possible, and by a brilliant first-wicket partnership in which each exceeded the hundred, the former was able to declare the innings closed at luncheon at 223 for two wickets, and put the visitors in to make 361 in the last three hours and forty minutes.

For a few minutes at the outset, with Vine out before a run was scored, the Sussex position looked ominous, but a fine display by Fry and Killick occupying an hour and half, and realising 116 runs, saved the situation, for after Killick was out for a flawless 70 Ranjitsingh joined his captain, and there was no further loss up to six o'clock, when, with nothing to be gained by continuing, stumps were pulled up, and the match left drawn.

Sussex had then made 234 for two wickets, and were 126 behind with eight wickets in hand. Fry was batting three hours and ten minutes to contribute 105 not out. It was his fifth hundred this season. He was missed by MacLaren in the slips when 23, and by Hornby in the deep field when 87, but for all that played splendidly for his side.

Ranjitsingh obtained his 50 in the last over, but he was also missed, and the best innings of the three was Killick's.

Fry hit fourteen 4's, and Killick seven 4's. It should be mentioned that Breatley was lame, and could only bowl a few overs, and his consecutive attack being severely handicapped in consequence.

Spooner's batting was delightful, and neither he nor MacLaren gave a chance. Spooner's was the better innings, however, as his all-round hitting was so much safer. He hit thirteen 4's, a number also obtained by MacLaren.

Fully ten thousand spectators were present. Full score and analysis—

LANCASHIRE.		Sussex.	
A. C. MacLaren, c Cox	104	Sharp, not out	105
B. R. Spooner, c Leach	101	Oatley, c Brann	25
T. G. Polden, c Butt	10	Hallam, c B. R. Spooner	27
L. O. Polden, c Butt	21	Worley, run out	21
H. O. Garnett, c Cox	47	Worley, run out	21
A. M. Hornby, c Leach	9		
	259		

Second Innings: MacLaren, c Butt, c Cox, 108; Spooner, not out, 102; Tidyler, c Cox, 10; extras, 13; total (2 wts.), 223.

*Innings declared closed.

SUSSEX.

C. B. Fry, c Brann	116	G. Brann, c Hallows	11
Vine, c Hornby	37	Killick, c Brann	13
Killick, c Hornby	70	Killick, c Brann	13
B. R. Spooner, c Brann	17	B. R. Spooner, c Brann	17
C. B. Ranjitsingh, c Brann	53	Worley, c Brann	27
W. Leach, c Brann	12	Worley, c Brann	27
B. R. Spooner, c Brann	12	Worley, c Brann	27
	252		

Second Innings: Fry, not out, 105; Vine, c Hallows, 0; Killick, c Hallows, 72; Ranjitsingh, not out, 51; extras, 6; total (2 wts.), 223.

(For 2 wts.)

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

LANCASHIRE—First Innings.		Sussex.	
Cox, m. r. w.	23	Leach, m. r. w.	23
Leach, m. r. w.	23	Killick, m. r. w.	23
Cox, m. r. w.	23	Killick, m. r. w.	23
Leach, m. r. w.	23	Killick, m. r. w.	23
Cox, m. r. w.	23	Killick, m. r. w.	23
Leach, m. r. w.	23	Killick, m. r. w.	23
Cox, m. r. w.	23	Killick, m. r. w.	23
Leach, m. r. w.	23	Killick, m. r. w.	23
Cox, m. r. w.	23	Killick, m. r. w.	23
Leach, m. r. w.	23	Killick, m. r. w.	23

Leach bowled three wickets, Killick two no-balls, and Cox one no-ball.

Second Innings.

Fry, m. r. w.	32	Killick, m. r. w.	32
Vine, m. r. w.	32	Killick, m. r. w.	32
Killick, m. r. w.	32	Killick, m. r. w.	32
B. R. Spooner, m. r. w.	32	Killick, m. r. w.	32
C. B. Ranjitsingh, m. r. w.	32	Killick, m. r. w.	32
W. Leach, m. r. w.	32	Killick, m. r. w.	32
B. R. Spooner, m. r. w.	32	Killick, m. r. w.	32
C. B. Ranjitsingh, m. r. w.	32	Killick, m. r. w.	32
W. Leach, m. r. w.	32	Killick, m. r. w.	32
B. R. Spooner, m. r. w.	32	Killick, m. r. w.	32

Leach bowled two wickets, Killick two no-balls, and Cox one no-ball.

Second Innings.

Fry, m. r. w.	32	Killick, m. r. w.	32
Vine, m. r. w.	32	Killick, m. r. w.	32
Killick, m. r. w.	32	Killick, m. r. w.	32
B. R. Spooner, m. r. w.	32	Killick, m. r. w.	32
C. B. Ranjitsingh, m. r. w.	32	Killick, m. r. w.	32
W. Leach, m. r. w.	32	Killick, m. r. w.	32
B. R. Spooner, m. r. w.	32	Killick, m. r. w.	32
C. B. Ranjitsingh, m. r. w.	32	Killick, m. r. w.	32
W. Leach, m. r. w.	32	Killick, m. r. w.	32
B. R. Spooner, m. r. w.	32	Killick, m. r. w.	32

Leach bowled two wickets, Killick two no-balls, and Cox one no-ball.

KENT'S TAIL WAGS VIGOROUSLY.

After a hard uphill fight the Kent eleven escaped defeat in the match at Trent Bridge on Saturday in splendid fashion. They started in a position of grave danger, having eight wickets down in their first innings for 346, and being for a time in a position of great peril. Though John Gunn was able to bowl, the Nottingham men experienced great difficulty in getting over the fence for the first two Kent wickets. An hour and forty minutes elapsed before the innings came to a close. One hundred and sixteen runs were added to the total, which thus stood at 500. The respectable number of 500. Two much praise cannot be accorded Fairweather and Blythe, who made a most invaluable stand, and great credit is due to them for averting defeat. They came together overnight with the score at 200, and they were not separated until the total had reached 312. On Saturday morning they added 72 runs in fifty-five minutes, their partnership for the ninth wicket, which lasted an hour and a quarter, altogether producing 100 runs.

Fairweather made his 50 in eighty minutes, and hit six 4's. The innings should have come to an end at 314, but Hallam missed Fielder, and the mistake caused a lot of trouble. Fielder kept up his wicket while Blythe hit, the tenth wicket putting on 42 runs. Blythe, who took out his last for 32, was never seen to do anything like such advantage in an important match. He made two or three false strokes, but during a stay at the wicket and a quarter remained for 42. Blythe was sent in first, but left at 19, and then came a fine stand by Fairweather and Blythe, who together for an hour and a half added 100 runs, the batting during this period being marked by sound judgment and skill in hitting.

Even better resistance was offered for the third wicket, and then, when the second 100 went up with only two men out, the result was certain. Hampshire, who was third out at 230, played a sound, splendid innings,

married only by one chance at 83. He batted very finely for three hours, and hit sixteen 4's. When the game was abandoned at a quarter past six Kent were 17 runs out with six wickets in hand. Hampshire played very quietly, being in an hour and fifty minutes.

Full score and analysis—

NOTTS.		Kent.	
A. O. Jones, c Penn	14	Hardstaff, st Murrell	25
Fielder, m. r. w.	14	Oates, m. r. w.	25
Irremonger, c Fairweather	72	Blythe, m. r. w.	7
Gunn (J.), c Hoarne	65	Hallam, c Marham	5
Harvey, m. r. w.	65	Fairweather, m. r. w.	7
Gunn (G.), c Fielder	41	Wass, c Fairweather	0
Day, c Murrell	6	Baker, m. r. w.	0
B. R. Hemmings, c Seymour	56	Extr. m. r. w.	0
Harvey, m. r. w.	56	Extr. m. r. w.	0
Anthony, not out	18	Anthony, not out	602

First Innings. Second Innings.

Alce Hearn, c G. Gunn	20	not out	49
Humphreys, c Oates	97	c Oates b J. Gunn	131
Seymour, c Oates b Anthony	19	c Hallam b Jones	45
H. W. Baker, m. r. w.	5		
Wass, m. r. w.	7		
F. Penn, jun, c and b	2		
W. F. Harrison, c Oates	37	b Irremonger	13
Murrell, b Jones	8	not out	2
Fairweather, c G. Gunn	60		
Anthony, not out	62	c Hallam b Wass	3
Gunn, m. r. w.	9		
Extr. m. r. w.	20	Extr. m. r. w.	19
	356	Total (4 wts.)	263

Second Innings.

Wass, m. r. w.	54	135	5	m. r. w.	28
Hallam, m. r. w.	24	13	38	0	28
Anthony, m. r. w.	23	67	2	Irremonger	5

Wass bowled one no-ball.

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Hallam, m. r. w.	24	13	38	0	28
Anthony, m. r. w.	23	67	2	Irremonger	5

Wass bowled one no-ball.

Second Innings.

Gunn (J.), m. r. w.	42	13	88	1	34
Hallam, m. r. w.	24	13	38	0	28
Anthony, m. r. w.	23	67	2	Irremonger	5

Gunn bowled three no-balls.

WORCESTER DEFY YORKSHIRE'S BOWLERS.

Worcestershire on Saturday accomplished a most meritorious performance in saving their game with Yorkshire, who were the only county that they played was rather tedious to the average spectator, and there was one of the best crowds present the county have had for some time, but the merely staid the best interests of their side, and are to be commended for the admirable restraint they showed.

When play ceased on Friday the home side, with all their wickets in hand, required 82 runs to avert a single innings defeat. The play previous to one o'clock did not suggest that they would be equal to the task, for only 22 runs had been added when Pearson was caught at the post for a useful 66. Foster left at 185, and Bowley was dismissed, so that the outlook was not at that period promising.

The second three-figure contribution this season, and he batted faithfully for two hours and forty minutes, being dismissed at 185. When play resumed on Saturday, the home side, with all their wickets in hand, required 82 runs to avert a single innings defeat. The play previous to one o'clock did not suggest that they would be equal to the task, for only 22 runs had been added when Pearson was caught at the post for a useful 66. Foster left at 185, and Bowley was dismissed, so that the outlook was not at that period promising.

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